

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

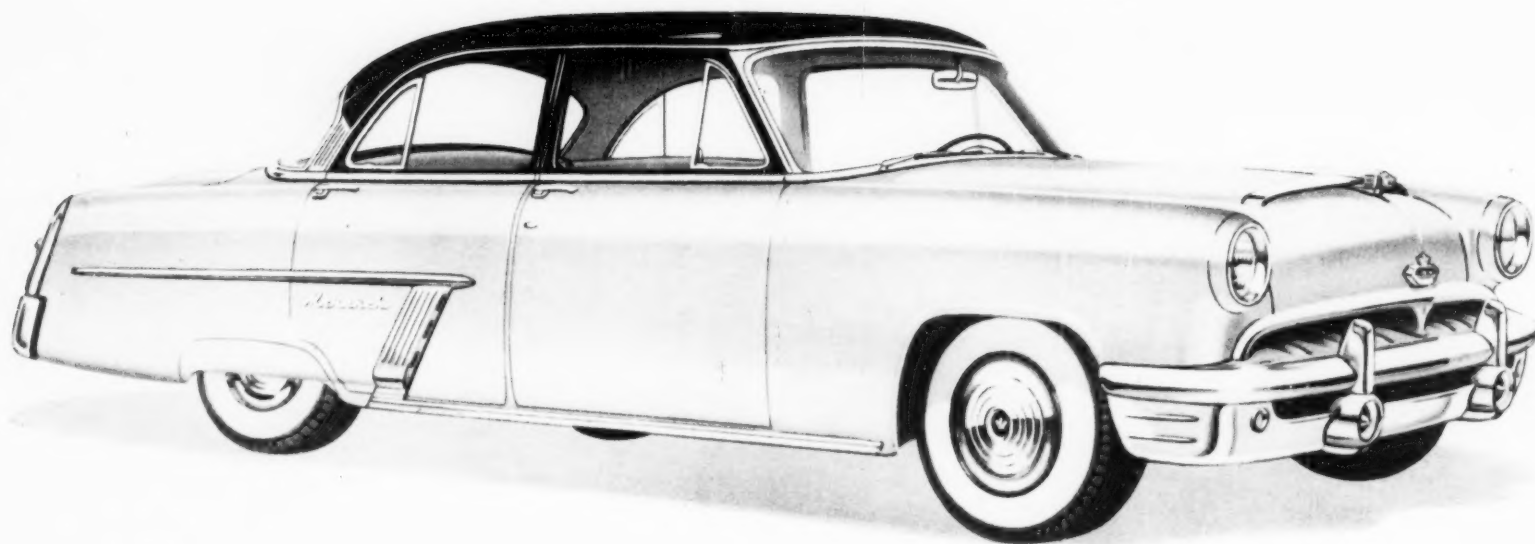
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By Blair Fraser

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT
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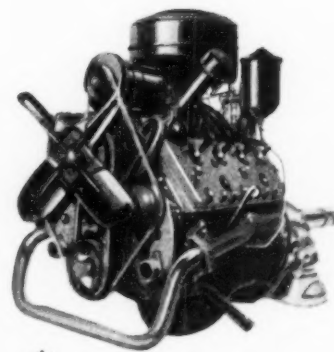


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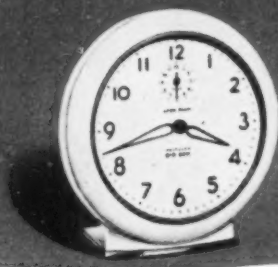


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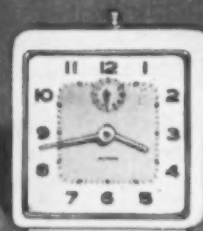
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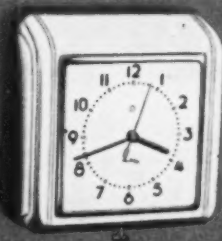


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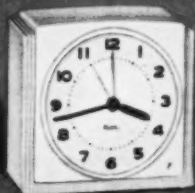
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EDITORIAL

DOES ANYBODY WANT LOW TAXES?

THE LAST REPORT of the Senate Committee on Finance drives home a melancholy axiom of life almost the whole world over. Everybody stands foursquare against high taxes and practically nobody is in favor of low taxes.

The Senate committee puts it this way:

The increasing tendency of people to demand that the government do something about all kinds of problems which the community or the individual should solve for itself or himself is, we believe, accountable for much mounting public expenditure and, if not checked, bids fair to undermine our present system of government . . . If the public insists that the administrative costs of government be reduced—as many think they should—it cannot reach this desirable end unless it rids itself of the idea that governments have to dance when it calls the tune of more expenditures.

The Senate is a political body and it is made up, by an overwhelming majority, of members of the party in power in our federal government. Coming from such a source these would be courageous words except for one thing. Senators don't have to get elected.

Politicians who *do* have to get elected occasionally address the taxpayer in somewhat the same vein between elections. But at election times they give the taxpayer no real chance to reform. The parties out of power inveigh against government

extravagance—and court the voter with promises that simply can't be implemented without the voter's money. The parties in power blame the high costs of government on inflation—and soothe the voter by reminding him how many of the inflated dollars they take away from him are given back in inflated services. As a result the voter who is both against high taxes in theory and in favor of low taxes in practice has all but lost his franchise.

We don't agree with the Senate committee that this is entirely of the taxpayer's doing. It's true, of course, that the prevailing concept of government evolved in a perfectly democratic way. Subsidies, protective tariffs, state welfare for all rather than for those who need it—these and the other appurtenances of big government must be presumed to have the approval of the majority of the people.

But what about the minority who don't believe in big government? What political group or party offers them a chance to say it with ballots? None—and with a few exceptions the statement applies as much to municipal and provincial politics as to federal politics.

We'll never get lower taxes until and unless the taxpayers insist on it. But politicians who profess to believe in low taxes and habitually go before the electorate with programs that must mean higher taxes do little to speed that day.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

DESMOND ENGLISH, this magazine's new assistant art director, is a former member of the Handlebar Club, an organization begun in England by ex-RAF types to encourage "the growth of hirsute appendages with graspable extremities." English had a highly graspable mustache, now considerably restrained, eight inches from tip to tip



when he was grinning, when he came to Canada last year . . . **Eric Hutton**, who writes about the men to whom you send those boxtops on page 22, is a veteran Toronto newspaper and magazine writer who came to this country from Trinidad. Hutton is going back to his home island for a visit and to collect material for articles this fall . . . **Bob Collins**, co-author of the Flashback about the whisky ship on page 10, is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario school of

journalism and is now working on the editorial staff of Canadian Homes and Gardens, another Maclean-Hunter publication . . . **Robert Standish**, best known as a novelist, is a newspaperman turned storyteller who has plied his trade in fourteen countries. For three years in the Twenties he worked for Reuter in Ottawa. He now lives in France where he wrote Stuffed Shirt, the story on page 12 . . . The cover: **Robert Buckham** is a Montreal artist whose work has illustrated Maclean's fiction stories in the past.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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By—Miller (page 4), Wide World (7, 8, 9), Bob Mann (11), Edward A. Bollinger (14, 15), Harry Filion Associates (16, 17), Desmond Russell (18, 19, 22), Ken Bell (24).

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1952



Let 10 Days Prove This One Shaves Close!



Try the New Schick "20's" exclusive Comb-Action. Get clean shaves—or get your money back!

There's a world of difference in electric shavers—even between old and new models of the same make. So why not find out—without risking a penny—how much these differences can mean to you?

For instance, there are tiny, beveled comb-edges on the New Schick "20." No other shaver has them—yet whiskers must be individually *lined up* for truly clean shaves. The New Schick "20" does this, as no other shaver can—and delivers whiskers to shaving edges for a clean sweep *precisely* at skinline!

And what sweet shaving edges they are! Honed, self-sharpening—powered by the world's mightiest rotary motor of

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Those are some of the reasons why *close* shaves are no idle boast for the New Schick "20." They are also reasons why more men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.

These are reasons why we invite you to go to any Schick dealer—and ask for the New Schick "20" on the no-risk 10-day trial plan. Spend 10 days with this able beauty—and if its close shaves don't delight you—return it—and *every penny will be cheerfully refunded.*

The New Schick "20", complete with Caddie Case (ideal for bathroom shelf or travel bag) is only \$29.95 . . . Also plan to see and try the brand-new Schick Colonel. At \$22.95 here's low-priced luxury shaving at its best. Visit your nearby Schick dealer soon and choose *your* Schick Shaver. Schick (Canada) Limited.



NEW SCHICK COLONEL HAS MANY NEW SCHICK "20" FEATURES!



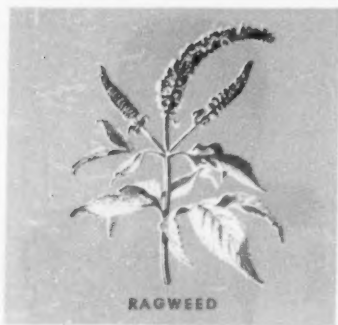
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NEW Schick "20"

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS
THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

-- better-built for closer shaves



Each of these can cause an allergy

A FEW GRAINS of ragweed pollen, for example, may cause "hay fever"—a disorder that affects many thousands of Canadians.

In addition, many thousands of other people in our country have asthma, sneezing spells, digestive upsets, or skin rashes because they are allergic to a wide variety of seemingly harmless things.

Allergy is a *sensitivity* to certain substances which cause no trouble for most people. While allergies are seldom, if ever, fatal, they can cause great discomfort. Moreover, if allowed to go untreated, they may undermine good health. This is particularly true of asthma.

Medical science has developed increasingly effective ways to control allergies. For example, inoculations against "hay fever" help many people to avoid this seasonal ailment entirely, or make it much milder.

Treatments for this condition are most beneficial, however, when taken well in advance of the pollen season. In fact, at least 85 percent of the patients are relieved through early treatment, but only 40 percent are helped when inoculations are delayed.

Relief from allergies due to obscure causes generally requires much "detective work." This is why the doctor asks detailed

questions about when, where, and under what circumstances the condition occurs. Such questions give him clues to the identity of the offending substances. They also help him to determine if other factors—such as emotional upsets—may be involved.

Once he has found what causes the allergic reaction—through the history of the case supplemented by diagnostic skin tests—appropriate treatment can be started. These tests may be made by applying certain substances to the skin either directly or through a small scratch, or the substances may be injected directly into the outer layer of the skin.

The treatment for an allergy may be simple. If, for instance, a patient's sensitivity is caused by feathers, relief may be had by substituting a pillow made of rubber or other materials. Sometimes, however, treatment may be prolonged, especially if an allergy is caused by a sensitivity to many different things.

There is no "sure cure" for any type of allergy, but prompt and proper treatment may lead to its control. So, if you are bothered by an allergic condition, even a minor one, consult your doctor. He, or a recommended specialist, may help you avoid further reactions through treatment that effectively relieves three out of four cases.



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of your booklet, 92M,
"Allergic to What?"

Name
Street
City Prov.

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



THE COST OF LIVING LIKE A QUEEN

WHEN the monarch dies the Lords and Commons receive the body and do not conduct any further business until the funeral has taken place. Then we swear allegiance to the new monarch and instruct the minister of works to prepare plans for the Coronation. But between the mourning of the dead and the crowning of the living we have to review the finances of the royal family in relation to the changed circumstances.

A select committee composed of all parties, with the chancellor of the exchequer as chairman, studies the problem and then recommends their findings to the House of Commons. But you must not imagine that Her Majesty's faithful Commons automatically accepts those findings. This is an opportunity not to be lost by the extreme leftists, the semirepublicans and the apostles of equality.

In fact the debate resolves itself into an argument between the minority I have described and the rest who believe that royalty is an institution which should be discussed as little as possible providing that the royal family accept their burdens as well as their privileges and perform their duties with a deep sense of service to the State. Nor is this a mere expression of sentimentalism. Tradition is a thing of the spirit. Materialize it and its power fades like the stars at the approach of dawn. On the other hand parliament must never be muzzled.

Therefore Mrs. Eirene White, who sits as a socialist for the appropriately named constituency of Flint, was perfectly within her rights when she said that she was not at all sure that the presentation of debutantes at court was in keeping with modern democracy.



The allowance to be paid Prince Charles' future widow has already been decided on.

"I can see no reason," said the lady, "for what seems to me to be a completely outmoded social distinction by which certain young ladies have the privilege of being presented at court for no virtue of their own." Then with a nice touch of middle-class snobbery she added: "I may say that I am one of those who

at the proper age might have sought presentation at court but I did not do so. I did not do so at that time because it was a period of extreme industrial depression in this country, and I felt that it was completely wrong when many of my own friends in South Wales were living in conditions of poverty that I should take part in seeking a social distinction which seemed to me to have no proper moral basis whatever."

I do not doubt her sincerity for a moment any more than I would criticize her for speaking her mind. As a matter of fact I imagine that the Queen would be delighted if she could be spared the ceremony of what is sometimes known as "spotting the winners" in the debutante classic.

Last year as a parent I watched my daughter line up with the other fillies at the Palace and it seemed an endless ordeal while one debutante after another, with their pretty faces unilluminated by life's experiences, curtsied first to the late King and then to the Queen. The whole thing was so long that a red-faced old sportsman sitting near me whispered hoarsely that he was sure they were going twice round the course.

But let us pause just a minute before we apply the cold douche of common sense. The London Season, that famous eight weeks in June and July, brings tourists and hard currency from all over the world. The pageant-starved Americans glory in it all and so do our kinsmen from the Dominions and the outer Empire. It is good for trade, good for the hotels, good for sea and air travel, good for the dressmakers and good for the champagne importers. In fact champagne is part of the ritual of the Season and

Continued on page 46



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

in the U. S. Elections

Who Pays For Election Campaigns?

AS THE U. S. election campaign moves into high gear one fact is about equally obvious in both parties: Politics in the neighboring democracy is an expensive game.

Theoretically each party is limited to campaign expenditures of three million dollars, which would probably be a good guess at the amounts actually spent by the major parties in Canada. In the United States, preliminary estimates as the campaigns were planned put television programs alone at about three millions for each party.

Senator Paul Douglas, of Illinois, in a magazine article published just before the Democratic National Convention, reported the minimum required for a senatorial campaign at \$150,000 to \$200,000. His own personal guess at the total cost of the entire campaign, including all candidates of both parties, was seventy-five millions.

Where does the money come from?

In Canada, and presumably in the United States too, it would come mainly from individuals and corporations who expect to benefit by the election of the party they support. Since some prefer to benefit by the victory of either party, some corporations give equally to each. There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, of a short-lived party that contested two elections in the Province of Quebec some years ago. Its platform consisted almost wholly of attacks on public utilities—*les trusts*. Its campaign fund consisted almost wholly of the fifty thousand dollars which one public utility firm, in accordance with long-established policy, always

donated to every party which ran enough candidates to have any chance of winning the election.

There is nothing in the Canadian Income Tax Act, by the way, to stipulate that donations to political parties are a deductible business expense. On the other hand, no corporation has ever been prosecuted for failure to declare, as taxable income, its political contributions. Once, years ago, I rang up the then deputy minister of income tax and asked whether his inspectors ever challenged these particular items of business expenditure. After a short pause he said, "What do you think?" and hung up.

...

THIS of course is an old story, unpalatable to electors, embarrassing to politicians, but grudgingly accepted as a fact of political life. More puzzling are the personal campaign funds of the defeated aspirants to party nomination. Who finds it worth while to back them? And why?

A millionaire like Senator Robert Kerr may be able to afford the \$225 a day he paid for headquarters on the mezzanine floor of the Conrad Hilton Hotel. Even Senator Richard Russell, whose own means are modest, was at least the chosen candidate of eleven Confederate states and presumably had lots of help. He didn't foot the bill for such projects as the Dick Russell Press Club which provided five television sets, comfortable sofas and free beer, hot dogs and coffee to any of the three thousand accredited reporters who cared to drop in.

Continued on page 70

THERE—NOW I CAN'T LOSE!



"Longest split-second of my life!"

BETTY HUTTON co-starring in CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"
a Paramount Picture. Color by Technicolor



"I held this shot for what seemed hours, with the harsh ropes chafing my hands. Believe me, soothing pure white Jergens Lotion felt grand after such a session!"



"It was my hands that deserved De Mille's praise..."



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To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

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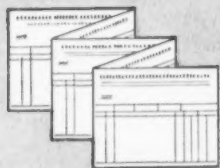
More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

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She's all tied up... in poor system

How she cut loose



with Moore Fanfold set... 1 typing



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It wasn't a strait jacket but *felt* like one — the office system that kept her and the rest of the staff strapped in low efficiency. It slowed progress and caused expensive errors. Red tape held up movement of customers' orders.

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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

The Next President of the U.S.

Canada's top parliamentary reporter presents two full-length, on-the-spot portraits of the presidential candidates and tells what their election might mean to Canada and the world

By **BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

IT'S COMMONPLACE to say that no matter who wins the U. S. election the free world can't lose. Each party has nominated such a wise and proven leader that either will make an excellent president. This is true as far as it goes. Certainly Adlai Ewing Stevenson and Dwight David Eisenhower are both men of great personal distinction who agree with each other on the fundamentals of foreign and domestic policy.

But it is not true that a Republican and Democratic administration would be alike as two peas. However closely the two leaders may seem akin, the two parties have different backgrounds, different platforms and, above all, different personnel in Congress. For Canada and the other Western allies there are very definite advantages and disadvantages in victory for either side.

So far as basic policy is concerned, the allies could scarcely hope for better treatment than they've been getting from the Democrats. Every country this side of the Iron Curtain has felt the benefits of American aid under Democratic rule. And, the Democrats are the party traditionally interested in foreign trade. Their platform reiterates their belief in the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act which has done so much in the past seventeen years to mitigate the evils of the Republican Smoot-Hawley tariff law. The Republican platform doesn't mention foreign trade at all.

But with all their good intentions, the Democrats have suffered these last few years from a crippling defect. They have not had the full confidence of the American people in their foreign policy. The result has been a prevailing uncertainty which has made smooth conduct of the Western alliance almost impossible.

Eisenhower's entry into politics revived the hope that this political stalemate would be broken: He of all men could surely restore the confidence of the American people and the free world and the self-confidence of the U. S. administration itself. If he could achieve that as head of a Republican regime all other considerations would be secondary.

But his task won't be as easy as some thought. His enemies oppose everything he stands for. Luckily most of them are inside his own party. He has defeated them once by winning the nomination. Presumably he can defeat them again.

Fortunately, the Democrats too have chosen with wisdom. No man is better fitted than Stevenson to maintain the best in Democratic tradition. No Democrat is less vulnerable to the reproaches the party has earned. And he enjoys the supreme advantage of being indebted to no one.

There are pros and cons either way, but the greatest issue has already been decided. In the fields that matter most, the course of American policy was set in Chicago.



EISENHOWER O

AT LUNCHTIME just halfway through the Republican convention the sidewalk of Chicago's Michigan Boulevard swarmed with politicians both professional and amateur. Every second person was festooned with buttons reading "TAFT" or "I LIKE IKE." Banner carriers, some hired and some volunteer, paraded between the Conrad Hilton and Congress hotels uttering strange chants.

Through this mob and paying no heed to it, a short homely middle-aged woman shouldered her way. Across her chest she wore a crude hand-lettered placard not at all like the smoothly professional jobs the snake-dancers were carrying. Quite obviously she had made it herself and quite obviously she meant what it said: I WON'T VOTE FOR EISENHOWER.

No one could have looked less like a machine politician. This was a humble private citizen offering her own testimony against the "Taft can't win" propaganda of the Eisenhower forces. She was very much in earnest, and she wore an expression of sullen, rooted indignation not far short of hatred.

She and several million Americans like her represent the gravest single problem of the Republican campaign. Can Dwight D. Eisenhower, the great conciliator, win over this bloc of bitterly hostile Republican voters? Failing that, can he win the election without them? And if he does win can he maintain the international co-operation in which he believes, but which

these right-wing Republicans sincerely and implacably oppose?

It is Senator Robert Taft's own fault that most Canadians and a good many Americans hardly realize this problem group exists. Because of the way the Taft campaign was conducted, the spotlight fell on a very different kind of Taft supporter. Henry Zweifel, of Texas, a paunchy fellow with purple cheeks who would need little make-up to play the Hollywood conception of a ward heeler; Ross Rizley, of Oklahoma, a genially bumbling Mr. Malaprop who could provide the comic relief for the same film; "Judge" William Dawson, of Kentucky, the very caricature of an old-style southern orator; Guy Gabrielson, Republican national chairman who did the Democrats the favor of supplying a Republican target during the probe into influence-peddling — these were presented by news reports and television screens as typical Taft men.

If they were, the problem wouldn't exist. Eisenhower won't want many of these discredited outmoded professionals, but any he does want can be had. They will work for the party, the bulk of them, regardless of its leadership.

Far more typical Taftites were the dear old couples who ate supper at the tables next to mine in the Sherman Hotel. They were folk in their late fifties to middle sixties, with a daughter married in Albany or Pensacola and a son in Seattle or Philadelphia or New York. They

Continued on page 62

Can the ex-general win over the Republican voters still bitterly hostile to him? And if elected, can he maintain an internationalist policy?



or STEVENSON

ADLAI STEVENSON got from the Democrats what Dwight Eisenhower wanted from the Republicans—a clear call, unsought and unprompted. It is the Democrats' great strength that they were able to utter such a call, and the Republicans' great weakness that they were not.

Six months ago the Democrats seemed far gone in disunity and decay. Scandal had sapped not only their credit with the voters but their faith in themselves. They were leaderless even before President Truman withdrew, for the Solid South had laid plans to bolt if Truman or any "Trumanite" were nominated. The four or five men half-heartedly jostling for the nomination had little popular appeal, yet each represented a region or a bloc implacably opposed to all the others. Compared to the Democrats, the Republicans looked as solid as Gibraltar.

Yet these same Democrats, on July 25, heard Adlai Stevenson's acclamation moved and seconded, with every appearance of good sportsmanship and good will, by his two chief rivals, Senators Estes Kefauver and Richard Russell. Two nights before they'd put on a tumultuous demonstration for a fourth candidate, Vice-President Alben Barkley, which was not only a proof of affection for their Grand Old Man but equally a proof of party harmony. Nothing remotely like it had been achieved at the Republican convention two weeks before.

Among reporters who covered both conventions the consensus

at the time was that the Democrats would win in November—an opinion shared by many who personally hoped for a Republican victory.

Some of the credit for this astonishing transformation undoubtedly goes to Adlai Stevenson himself. He is personally attractive—pleasant smile, good voice, engagingly modest and friendly manner. He has already proved himself one of the best public speakers in English today. On the great issues which concern the whole free world his record as a delegate to United Nations and as United States Minister to London marks him clearly as an able, informed advocate of the co-operative international policies for which General Eisenhower also stands. Moreover his experience in this field, though gained at a humbler level, is perhaps of a kind more useful to a chief executive than even Eisenhower's own.

On the home front Stevenson has been a capable, popular Governor of Illinois. His refusal to campaign for the nomination, though it irritated some of his friends, had the merit of making him no enemies. His talent for compromise makes him acceptable to the several factions in the Democratic Party; his record for purging grafters in Illinois will (the Democrats hope) make him acceptable to the voters.

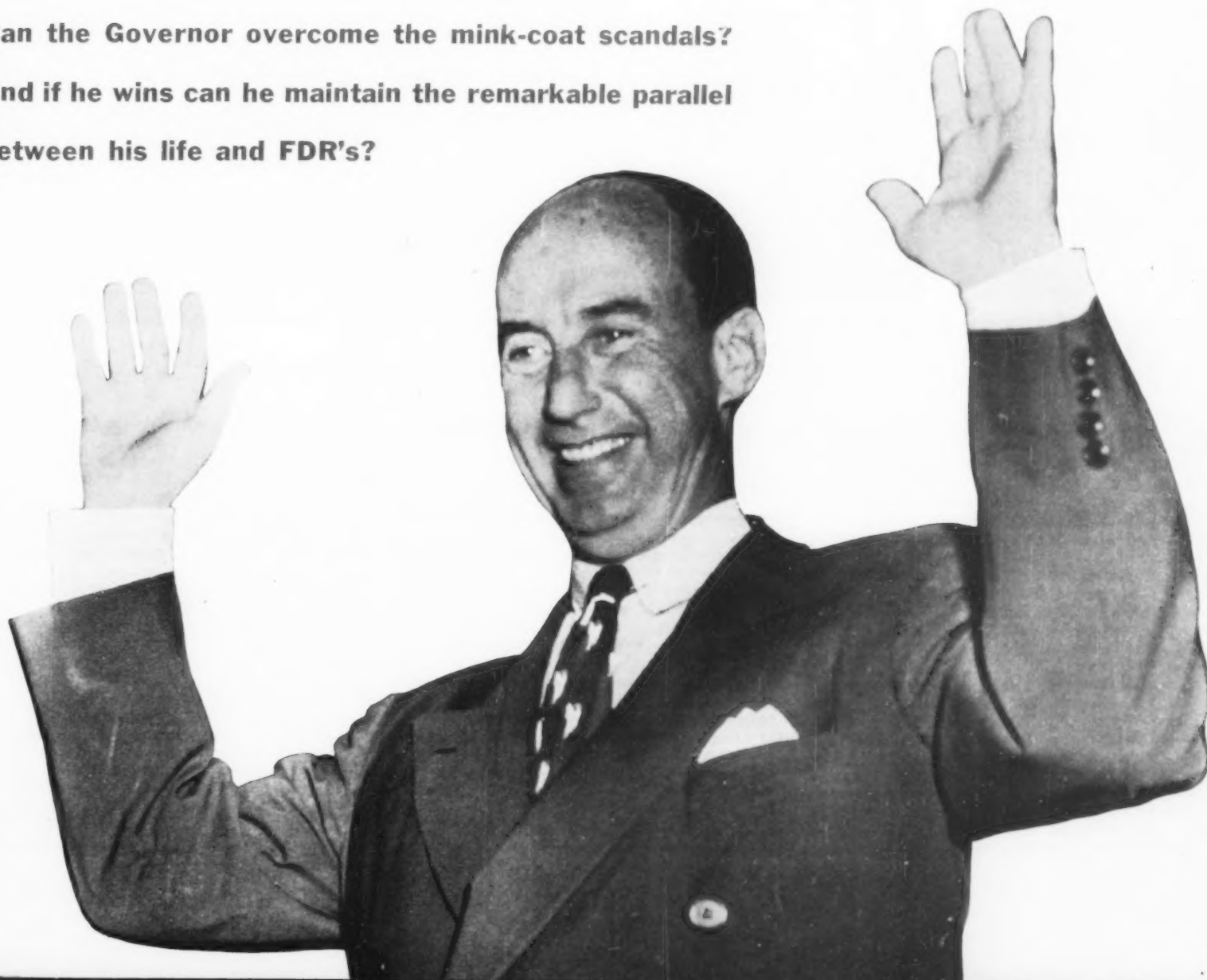
In short, Stevenson appealed to Democrats for much the same reasons that Eisenhower appealed

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Can the Governor overcome the mink-coat scandals?

And if he wins can he maintain the remarkable parallel

between his life and FDR's?





The Night the Whisky Ship Ran Aground

For thirty years a hilarious yet serious game of hide-and-seek has bemused the villagers and the law on Ontario's Long Point Peninsula. Hundreds of cases of whisky came bobbing ashore from a foundering ship and where it went, nobody knows — that is, *hardly* anybody knows

WHEN FIERCE night gales bluster in off Lake Erie and angry waves pound the slender finger of southern Ontario's Long Point Peninsula, a blissful calm descends on the farmers and fishermen of nearby Port Rowan. To most lakeside dwellers a storm means tragedy. In Port Rowan the gales blow up happy memories of whisky.

Some of the villagers pull on rubber boots or rolled-down hip waders and trudge to Charlie Duncan's barbershop or one of the two poolrooms. Then someone mentions Nov. 18, 1922, or the City of Dresden or Old Crow. And the bystanders wistfully moisten their lips.

No one in Port Rowan will ever forget those names or that historic date in the prohibition year of 1922. On that day the whisky ship City of Dresden foundered off Long Point, casting sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of choice liquor into eager parched Ontario. On that day the beaches were awash with eight thousand gallons of Old Crow and Corby's Special Selected. And since that day county constables, Temperance Act inspectors, farmers and fishermen have indulged in a ludicrous

By **BOB COLLINS and BOB MANN**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

PHOTOS BY BOB MANN

game of Bottle, Bottle, Who's Got the Bottle?

Nobody knows how much whisky still lies ageing in the Long Point marshes. Every few years someone digs up a bottle or finds a hidden cache in an old Port Rowan building. For the villagers, tearing down a house is more fun than a bingo game or a radio give-away show.

The Long Point-Port Rowan community, one hundred and ten miles southwest of Toronto, is rich in color and legend. Some of Port Rowan's forefathers fought the Yankees in 1812 while others set false beacon lights on the beaches and scavenged the ships that ran aground. Long Point has its sunken treasure—twenty-six thousand dollars in gold aboard the vessel Atlantic which has supposedly been in the lake since 1853—and its ghost, the Headless Seaman, who, some say, prowls the

beaches each night in search of the head he lost in a shipwreck.

But no tale can match the mingled tragedy and comedy of Long Point's whisky legend. The City of Dresden wreck took one young seaman's life, turned a young housewife into a heroine, changed staid old farmers to tipplers overnight, put bootleggers out of business for months and baffled the authorities for years.

Long Point's whisky saga began on Friday, Nov. 17, 1922, when a forty-five-mile-per-hour gale churned up shallow Lake Erie, long notorious for its vicious storms. The City of Dresden, a fifty-year-old one-hundred-and-sixty-five-foot wooden steamer was approaching the tip of Long Point, en route from Belleville, Ont., to Detroit, Mich., with a cargo of Corby's whisky.

In the rum-running days of 1922 it was not uncommon for a ship to put out into the lake with legal export permits for its cargo of liquor. So far as customs authorities or the liquor companies knew the shipment would go to Mexico, or perhaps Cuba. But frequently the loads found their way back to Canada. The Dresden's selection of Corby's



Hundreds swarmed to the beach to gleefully fill pockets, gunny sacks and themselves.

Special Selected and Old Crow, in kegs and bottles, was reportedly cleared for Mexico. One of the skipper's sons says today it was a "general cargo run."

As the storm blew up, the Dresden's skipper, sixty-five-year-old John Sylvester McQueen, hove to in the bay north of Long Point. He knew that the jutting twenty-two-mile peninsula was aptly nicknamed the "graveyard of Lake Erie." Its marshes, gloomy forests and rolling sandy beaches were dotted with sailors' graves, rotten spars and the ribs of wrecked vessels. Moreover, the City of Dresden, a converted passenger boat, had been pieced together when McQueen bought it in 1914. Into the original hull had gone the boiler from one tug and the engine from another.

On Saturday a northerly wind began to sweep the steamer toward the north shore of the point. McQueen pulled out around the lighthouse that afternoon while his crew lightened ship by dumping overboard all whisky stowed above decks.

On shore at this moment a dejected Port Rowanite was patrolling the beach as duty member of the lighthouse lifesaving crew. He found his routine

task particularly tedious in dry Ontario without so much as a dram to ward off the chills. So, when the first case of Corby's bobbed in on a wave, the astonished native merely stood entranced. But when a second and third bounced in he sprang into action with a glad cry. By nightfall the lifesaver had rescued forty-two cases from the lake and buried them beside telephone poles leading to the lighthouse.

Later in the day the gale had shifted to the southwest and the City of Dresden was in distress.

Swarthy Ray Sawyer, now an Amherstburg garage mechanic but then an engineer on the Dresden, recalls: "The ship was in bad shape anyway and at Long Point the water started comin' through. It got so bad the fireman wouldn't go below. I told Peregrine McQueen, the captain's son, he'd better tell the old man to beach her."

At first Captain McQueen was reluctant, but soon it became imperative. About five miles west of the point he headed toward a cove but a treacherous undercurrent held the ship back and, at 4.30 p.m., the Dresden foundered about two hundred yards from the beach.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



DEL ROCKEFELLER, whose home was closest to vessel, says beach became "carnival."



PEARL ROCKEFELLER, his wife. Rescued men couldn't believe a woman saved them.



TOUGHIE ROCKEFELLER found Captain's missing valise and sampled portions of cargo.



RAY SAWYER, now a mechanic, was engineer on whisky ship when she foundered in the gale.

"We hit a sandbar and she started to break up," says Ray.

The crew hastily lowered a small lifeboat, fitted with oars and lifebelts. It immediately capsized in heavy seas. A second boat, minus oars and belts, was lowered and the crew began to clamber in—but it too turned over.

"Then there was nothin' but arms and legs waving around in the water," Sawyer says. The twenty-one-year-old Peregrine McQueen struggled in the water and Sawyer, although hampered by an artificial leg, swam to his aid. But Peregrine was lifted on the crest of a breaker and swept away before his father's eyes.

Somehow the men righted the lifeboat, then tossed and drifted in the icy lake, miserable, exhausted and helpless to beach their craft because of the lack of oars.

The Dresden's plight had been noticed from the farm home of cattle buyer Delbert Rockefeller, only two hundred yards back from shore. Del was in Simcoe that day but his wife, Pearl, a niece, Mrs. Samuel Blackenbury, and Mrs. Rockefeller's mother spotted the vessel. *Continued on page 58*

To Lucy and John,
her husband was just a

STUFFED SHIRT

until the day came
when three shots rang out over the tropic lake

By **ROBERT STANDISH**

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

IT IS THE small crises and irritations of life which so often prove insurmountable, perhaps because they do not offer a worth-while challenge. It was so in the case of Wilfred Hopking. He had accepted as probable, if not certain, that Lucy, his wife, was being unfaithful to him. He forgave her for her flagrant neglect of their home and want of consideration for his comfort and sincerely tried to forgive her for her ignorance, her ungrammatical speech and generally uncouth outlook on life, for he had the justice to realize that these shortcomings were a part of her and that he must be prepared to pay the price for not having seen these things before it was too late. Wilfred Hopking had swallowed his camels, but he was straining at a gnat: he did not believe he could endure coming home many more times to find Lucy sprawled in a long chair under a reading lamp, which revealed her blond hair growing mousey at the roots, holding a trashy novel in one hand, while the other was kept poised over an open box of chocolate creams.

Hopking was the Government Botanist of the State of Zimbatan, the last remaining independent sultanate in the Malay Archipelago. A year previously he had been on leave in Australia for his health. After four solitary years, mostly spent in the jungle, his critical faculties had not been functioning too well at the time he met Lucy Brandon, the vivacious war widow who had been staying at the same mountain hotel. Wilfred was thirty-eight years of age, while Lucy admitted to twenty-nine.

At the time this story opens Wilfred, after ten days in the

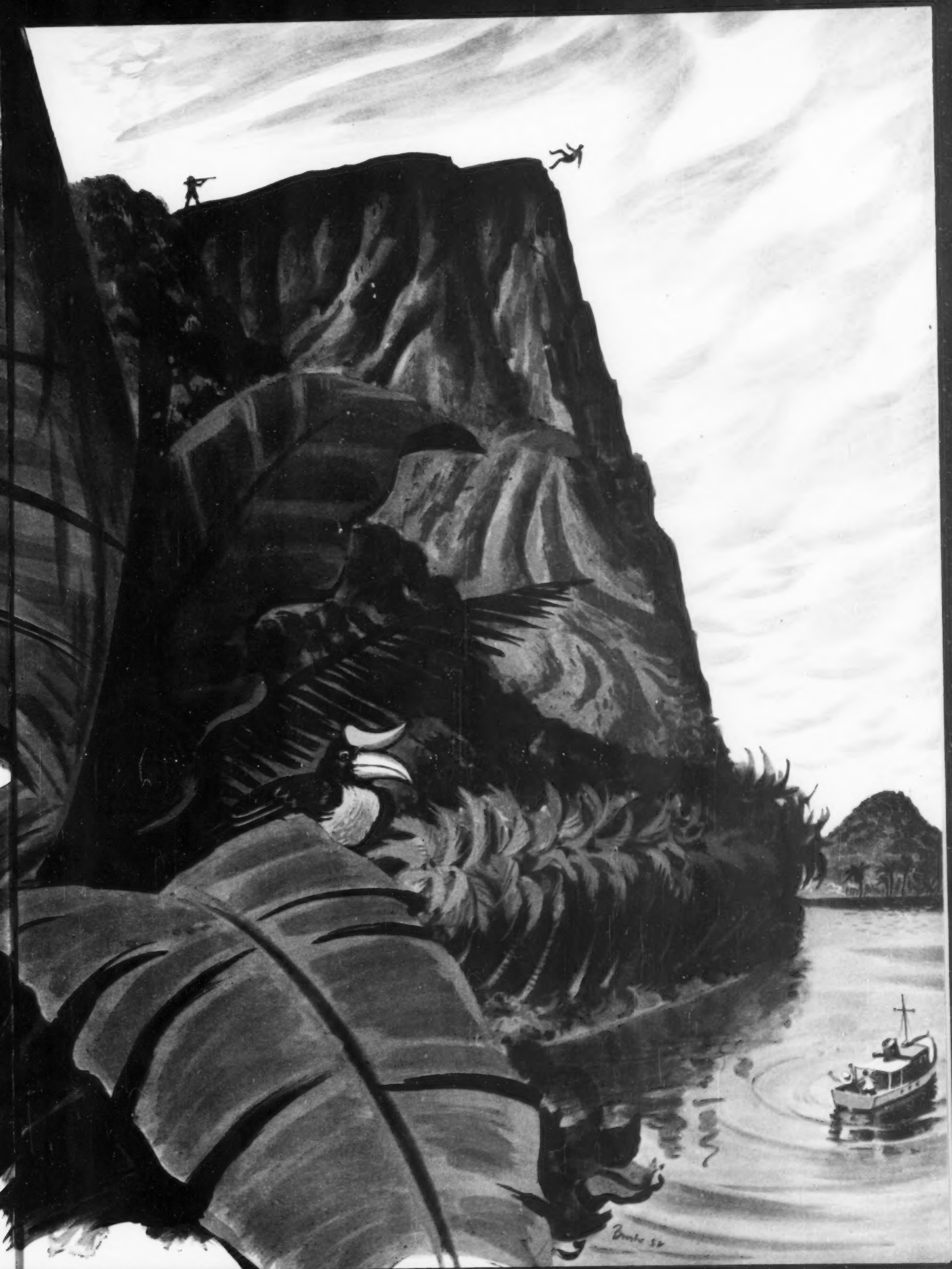
jungle, had just boarded his launch to come down river to the little coastal settlement of Sulu, the capital of the state and the only place he called home. It occurred to him, and not for the first time, that instead of being the joyous thing it should have been, he dreaded his home-coming. A letter in the breast pocket of his khaki shirt nagged at his consciousness. During the last ten days he had read it many times, feeling somewhat ashamed of himself at so doing, for the letter was anonymous and it concerned Lucy. It had been posted in Australia and was signed "Well Wisher." The writer, whose motive was obscure, asked Wilfred whether he knew that Walter Brandon, who, according to Lucy, had been dead some five years, was still alive.

If this were true—and Wilfred was inclined to believe so—it represented the one patch of blue sky on an otherwise grey horizon. But, even if true, how could it be proved? Lucy had been born in London. Where she had married Brandon had never seemed important until now, nor had Wilfred ever questioned her about the date and circumstances of his death. Now, if the anonymous letter were to be believed, he obviously could not look to Lucy to provide information which would prove their marriage to be bigamous.

Wilfred arrived at Sulu a few minutes before the curtain of tropical darkness fell. Leaving Chang, the Chinese crew of one, to berth the launch he hurried in the direction of his home, anxious to see in daylight how some rare orchids had fared during his absence. Darkness had fallen when he left the garden in the direction of his

Continued on page 28







FREEMAN YOUNG
East Petpeswick

*Oh, sing ho! for Helen Creighton
on the Nova Scotia shore*

She drives a baby auto on the search for rare folklore

She's resurrecting ballads like 'The Farmer's Cursed Wife'

(It doesn't pay much money but she's done it all her life)

From Chebucto to Cape Breton

where the Micmacs chant in throngs

With her trusty tape recorder

She's Collecting Long Lost Songs

By IAN SCLANDERS

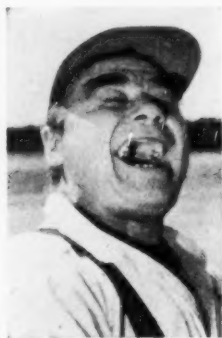
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD A. BOLLINGER

JACK TURPLE, who lives alone in a shack at Upper Kennetcook in the rolling hills of Nova Scotia, is sixty-nine and nearly blind. On fine days he sits outside in the sun, humming softly to himself and listening to the brook that babbles past his door and thinking of the fun he had when he was a husky young lumberjack. That's what he was doing when a woman with a pert pretty face and friendly brown eyes and curly silver-streaked black hair drove a small English car into his yard.

"Are you Mr. Turple, the singer?" she asked. "Turple, ma'am, that's me. And I guess you might say singing's a sort of talent of mine."

"I'm Helen Creighton, Mr. Turple. It's nice to meet you."

Miss Creighton didn't have to identify herself further—didn't have to explain that she has spent twenty-four years collecting the folk songs of the Atlantic provinces, that she has had three volumes of them published, and that the simple but beautiful melodies she gathers on isolated fishing shores and in remote logging settlements have won international attention from professional musicians. Most Maritimers who sing the ballads that have come down from generation to generation are familiar with her work, which is now financed by the National Museum of Canada, and Turple was proud to be visited by the "lady with the magic box," as she is called in tiny communities where



GRACE CLERGY
East Petpeswick

her tape recording machine arouses wonder.

Helen Creighton remarked that she had recently found a man of eighty-seven who could sing sixty-one songs. Turple snorted scornfully. "I can sing one hundred and sixty-one," he announced. "I know a song for every day in the week and three for Sunday. I've got a lovely memory, miss. If my eyesight was as good as my memory I'd be a millionaire. Have you heard Ben Dean?" Without urging, he launched into it:

The very pang of hell it seemed,
My being to possess;
I drew a loaded pistol
And I aimed it at her breast.

Turple's voice rose true and clear in the piny hills, and the brook and the birds and the frogs and the crickets provided his accompaniment. The story of poor Ben Dean, who strayed from the straight and narrow path and sank from bad to worse and finally murdered his wife, went on for twenty-one verses. That was just a starter. There were many more to come.

Jack Turple continued with songs of love and log drives and shipwrecks and mine disasters, songs of mutiny and piracy and political campaigns and forest fires, songs of snowy steeds and virgins fair and false knights and heroes bold. There was one about two children who wandered into the wilder-

ness in the winter, like the babes in the woods:

The frosty gale blew very hard.
There wasn't a star to yield them light;
The beasts of prey they heard all day
And a screaming owl at night.

And there was one about Willy and Mary—Willy who seduced Mary, stabbed her to death when she was pregnant and escaped on a windjammer. At sea she haunted him. Her spirit appeared on the deck whenever he stood watch:

She held in her arms
a baby so fair;
He ran to embrace her but
nothing was there.

Helen Creighton, who is five feet one without her high heels and favors smartly tailored tweed suits, travels an average of three to four thousand miles a year, mostly in her native Nova Scotia, in search of such singers as Jack Turple. At fifty-two, she looks less than forty, and has a theory that an exciting job helps keep a person young.

She bumps over almost impassable roads to reach out-of-the-way places and on occasion has hired an ox team as a taxi, climbed a mountain, sailed through pea-soup fog to a wave-swept island, and pushed her equipment across sand dunes on a wheelbarrow. She has slept soundly in the seat of her car and in a wind-rocked shanty on a cliff and in a lighthouse with a booming foghorn.

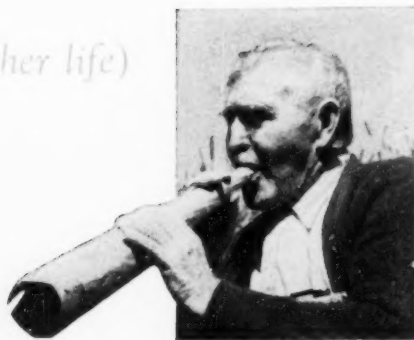
She has interviewed witches. Once she had an uncomfortable session with a man who was demented. In her zeal to put tribal chants on tape



ARTHUR WHITE
Hants County



KIT CALLAGHER
Ketch Harbour



SANDY STODDARD
Ship Harbour

she unwittingly interrupted a Micmac powwow and was threatened by irate braves. But she rates proposals of marriage from ancient songsters as her toughest occupational hazard. "It's so hard to say no to the old dears without hurting their feelings."

An octogenarian minus an eye promised to invest in a glass one if she'd be his wife, and two suitors offered to buy themselves teeth.

Ill health prevented Helen Creighton from graduating from university. But her three books of folk songs—Songs and Ballads of Nova Scotia, Twelve Folk Songs of Nova Scotia, and Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia—are used in universities in Canada, the United States and Great Britain by students of music and anthropology. Folklore is a branch of anthropology and her scholarly treatise, *The Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia*, is an anthropological text.

The financial rewards from her labors have been slim but she has won three Rockefeller Foundation research fellowships, appointments from the U. S. Library of Congress and the National Museum of Canada, a fellowship in the erudite American Anthropological Association, and a council membership in the American Folklore Society.

She has also had the satisfaction of permanently preserving twelve hundred folk songs, many of which, but for her efforts, might have been lost. Lately—and partly because of her—there's been a revival of interest in folk singing. Ditties which she tracked down are now included in the repertoires of concert performers, chora clubs and school choirs. They've been sung over radio networks in Canada, the U. S., Great Britain and Brazil, and have been adapted as musical themes for National Film Board pictures and dramas and documen-

taries on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

There was a lovely creature lived down
by the sea side,
So lovely in form and feature she was called
the village bride . . .

The melody that goes with those words—a melody as lovely as the village bride—was a memorable feature of *The Rising Tide*, one of the finer NFB productions. When the CBC presented *Sam Slick*—Judge Haliburton's droll masterpiece about a Yankee clockmaker in Nova Scotia—the background music was based on *The Cruel Mother*:

There was a lady came from York,
All alone, alone and aloney,
She fell in love with her father's clerk
Down by the greenwood siding . . .

Helen Creighton, whose *Continued on page 54*



"I drew a loaded pistol and I aimed it at her breast . . ." Jack Turple of Upper Kennetcook sings the refrain of *Ben Dean* for Miss Creighton and her recorder.



Gardens launched huge tourist industry for Victoria.



MRS. BUTCHART AND
HUSBAND, ROBERT



Mrs. Butchart's Famous Gardens

By MAC REYNOLDS

PHOTOS BY HARRY FILION ASSOCIATES



Colorful bus driver, Rebel Mowat, conducts tourists
beneath arch of equally colorful Perkins roses.

As a girl Jenny Butchart liked to go up in balloons
but she came down to earth and planted one
of the world's finest gardens in a quarry
near Victoria when her husband agreed to
dig his cement farther back into the ground



Spire of low-grade rock, left by quarry workers, gives an alpine setting to gardens.

ONE DAY in 1909, in a glade sloping to a salt-water bay on the Saanich Peninsula of Vancouver Island, eleven miles north of Victoria, a woman stood on the edge of an abandoned quarry and began to cry.

Jenny Butchart knew the quarry well. For more than three years she had lived beside it. As chemist in the cement works of her husband, Robert Pim Butchart, she had analyzed its high-grade limestone. She had watched it yield them wealth. She knew its moods in moonlight and at the height of storm. But the tears came because she hated it more than anything else in the world; its very ugliness so fascinated her she could not stay away.

The perpendicular quarry walls, twisted from dynamite blasting, dropped sixty feet to a quagmire of two and a half acres of clay. Out of a subterranean spring percolated a muddy creek which fed a deep pond on the quarry floor. A hummock of grey rock, unfit for cement, rose like a spire from the centre of the quarry floor, its summit almost flush with the top of the wall where Jenny Butchart stood and cried.

It was then that an inspiration came to her—"Like a flame," she was to say, "for which I shall ever thank God."

This inspiration has made life brighter for three generations. It launched Victoria's multimillion-dollar tourist industry (at the time the garden city had eighty-two saloons and no flower boxes swinging from the street lamps). It enshrined Bob and Jenny Butchart as the sweethearts of Vancouver Island.

For with her tears Jenny Butchart watered a quarry garden that is one of the wonders of the world.

Where legend says Jenny Butchart was lowered over the quarry cliffs in a bosun's chair, about three million sight-seers have since followed, seven hundred thousand of them since 1946 alone, descending more timidly on forty-eight cement flagstones, into what looks like the willow pattern in a deep china bowl.

The garden brings more tourist dollars to Victoria than any other single attraction, yet for more than three decades Bob and Jenny Butchart

voluntarily lived in a goldfish bowl, spent thirty thousand dollars a year keeping their garden open to the public free of charge. Today the Butchart Gardens, more popular than ever, tries to balance its books with admission charges and the sale of seeds, stereoscope slides and lavender sachets, but loses ten thousand dollars a year.

Jenny Butchart's quarry has been called one of the five great private gardens of the world. It has inspired poetry and lent its name to chinaware floral designs and sweet peas. Seeds from the garden have gone to the far corners of the world, where its name is better known than the capital of the province it adorns. Probably no garden on the continent has been photographed so often.

It spawned a new school of showmen, the fast-talking never-stuck-for-an-answer sight-seeing guides. They pilot twenty-five buses on the garden run, often make five return trips a day, add new landmarks every trip, and bone up on the difference between male and female begonias at pre-season lectures at the garden. Like Jenny Butchart, they know the quarry in all its moods.

They know it as a hotbed of straw-hatted camera-carrying American tourists and a great place to take the old woman for a Sunday picnic. They also know it as a cathedral of quiet where glazed clay gnomes nod over churchwarden pipes. Recently, a Mrs. Lord, who had come to the garden on a sight-seeing bus, lost her husband and searched through the quarry crying, "Oh Lord, oh Lord . . ." It didn't seem out of place.

In the quarry that once seemed a "silent ghastly tomb" to Jenny Butchart the once muddy creek sparkles among five thousand varieties of flowers whose very names, like love-in-a-mist and Cupid's dart, are enough to make a sight-seeing guide blush.

The creek picks its way under arched bridges, past rock outcroppings thick with rambler roses, beneath walls hung with Virginia creeper and wisteria and English ivy and the vines of

Continued on page 36

Port Arthur



MAYOR Charles "Call Me Charlie" Cox invariably wears a hat in his office and is "a rare flower in the garden of good, grey politicians."



MAIN DRAG is Cumberland Street. Cities have duplicate bus lines, fire departments, police forces, water power and even service clubs.



BIG INDUSTRY is shipping. Twenty-six elevators dominate Lakehead and grain shipments total three hundred million bushels annually.

LAKEHEAD TWINS

BY TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTOS BY DESMOND RUSSELL

ALDEN R. RUNNING, a twenty-two-year-old clerk in the Royal Bank of Canada in Fort William, returned to his office just before noon on the morning of Oct. 23, 1911. He knew that the only other employee in the bank at that hour was the teller. Wearing no mask he pointed a revolver at the teller, told him to hand over the money and stuffed forty-eight hundred dollars into his pockets.

Three hours later the police caught up with Running as he lay on his back on a bed in a downtown hotel room, staring at the ceiling. He told the police he'd taken the money because he wanted to get married. When they asked him why he hadn't tried to get away, Running, later sentenced to twenty-five months in prison, stared hopelessly back at them. "It didn't occur to me until it was too late," he said. "There was no place to get away to."

That was the last time, that morning forty-one years ago, that a bank was robbed in either of Canada's twin Lakehead cities, Port Arthur and Fort William. And Alden L. Running expressed a good deal of the character of the Lakehead when he pointed out that "there was no place to get away to." The isolation of the Lakehead helps explain the rivalry of the two cities (there is no one else to get mad at); it helps explain their intense pride (being remote from the rest of Canada, they strive to prove remoteness no handicap); and it possibly helps explain why the Lakehead has turned out no writers, artists or musicians of national consequence. Isolation makes the founding of universities, art, music or ballet schools financially impractical; native students must travel hundreds of miles to find them.

The Lakehead cities on the main line of the CPR are nearly five hundred miles east of Winnipeg, more than eight hundred miles northwest of Toronto, more than nine hundred miles west of Montreal and three hundred and seventy-five miles northwest of Minneapolis. The nearest city of reasonable size is Duluth, Minn., two hundred miles south. Sixty-seven thousand people live at the Lakehead, thirty-five thousand of them at Fort William.

But isolation also gives these Canadians of Finnish, Italian, Ukrainian and Anglo-Saxon extraction who comprise the population much that is advantageous. A man can finish his work of an afternoon, jump into his car and be hunting and fishing in a matter of minutes. The world's largest speckled trout, fourteen and a half pounds, was caught in the Lake Nipigon country, seventy miles north, by the late Dr. J. W. Cook and lake trout weighing as much as forty-five pounds have been hooked by lake fishermen. Recently at Port Arthur a moose came ambling out of the woods and trotted down Port Arthur's main street. There are deer and ducks to be hunted in season and there is never a night, after the hottest days, that it isn't more comfortable to sleep under a blanket.

Since the vast majority of the twenty-five thousand people employed at the Lakehead are engaged in basic industries, employment is reasonably constant. Halfway across the continent, the Lakehead serves the east and the west. Lake freighters take a million tons of coal there a year and carry away grain and iron ore—also measured in the millions. The twenty-six majestic terminal elevators are perhaps the most famous man-made landmarks for steamer and railway travelers. The vast forests to the north make the Lakehead one of the largest pulp and paper producing areas in Canada. One of the paper machines owned by the Great Lakes Paper Co. rolls newsprint that is better than twenty-five feet in width, the world's second largest. The rivers and lakes with their hundreds of waterfalls and rapids

Don't talk about Fort William and Port Arthur as a single unit or they'll run you out of town. Look at Charlie Cox. Might have been mayor of both places if he hadn't used that naughty word "amalgamation"

provide cheap electrical power which at eight tenths of a cent a kilowatt-hour ranks among the lowest anywhere. By comparison, Winnipeg, regarded as inexpensive, has a rate of three and one third cents for the first five kilowatt-hours and one cent for the balance.

Isolation helps explain why, year after year, the Lakehead turns out expert hockey players. Football frenzy has never gripped the Lakehead, for the closest professional team is almost five hundred miles away at Winnipeg. So youngsters concentrate six months of the year on hockey. Lakehead immortals like Phat Wilson, the Hacquoil brothers, Hughie O'Leary, Lorne Chabot, Tommy Cook, Bill Brydger and Danny Cox have been succeeded by a long list of current National Hockey Leaguers like Glen Skov, Rudy Migay and Alex Delvecchio of the world champion Detroit Red Wings; the old Flying Fort line of the Toronto Maple Leafs, Gus Bodnar, Gaye Stewart and Bud Poile; and Edgar Laprade, Danny Lewicki and Dave Creighton.

Physically, the cities are dissimilar. Port Arthur is built on a hill, with its residential area spread widely over the well-treed rolling landscape. On the crest of the hill lies a park—called, naturally, Hillcrest Park—whose concrete embankment provides a panoramic view of the city below and, nineteen miles southeast, of the so-called Sleeping Giant, a peninsula rising fourteen hundred feet above Lake Superior to turn Thunder Bay into the greatest natural harbor on the Great Lakes.

Fort William, lying four miles southwest of Port Arthur, is not a lake city at all, but actually is located on the Kaministiquia River, with its elevators and warehouses fronting on the "Kam." Fort William, built on the flat, is proud of its sixty-two industries ranging from brooms and brewing to airplanes and diesel buses.

Aggressive Fort William claims its service clubs frequently have to take over the unsold tickets of any undertaking from the Port Arthur members in order to get rid of them. Wilf Goodman, editor of the Times-Journal in Fort William, once told an interviewer: "I think of Fort William as having the spirit of the new west and Port Arthur as being more representative of the established east." Port Arthur, whose News-Chronicle refers to it as "the capital of north-western Ontario" because it is the site of many provincial government buildings, merely calls Fort William "the frog pond," because of its location on the river.

Fort William has a group calling itself the Aurora Group which from time to time calls upon the public to demand that northwestern Ontario become an eleventh province named Aurora stretching from Sault Ste. Marie to the Manitoba border. E. E. Johnson, multimillionaire timber magnate, and Alderman J. J. Spooner frequently have their names linked with this proposal which apparently is taken seriously by no one except the Aurora Group.

Outsiders, who frequently regard Fort William and Port Arthur as one community, sometimes suggest amalgamation but it is a hard word to the two rivals. It was once noted by a visitor that the two cities were Siamese twins, joined at the ribs, but each insistent on living its own life. There are two city-operated bus lines and each goes into the other's territory. There also is duplication of police and fire departments, water and power commissions. Of the service clubs, only the Kiwanis is intercity and the luncheons are carefully alternated between the two cities. Neither of the newspapers pushes its circulation in the other centre.

Dividing the two cities is a thin ribbon of water called the Neebin River which is smack in the middle of a four-mile stretch of no man's land between the two. A visitor wouldn't

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Fort William



MAYOR Hubert Badanai is complete antithesis of rambunctious Cox. Quiet-spoken and reserved, he never gets involved in any civic tumult.



MAIN DRAG is Victoria Avenue. Fort William is aggressively proud of its sixty-two industries, but Port Arthur calls it "the frog pond."



BIG INDUSTRY is Great Lakes Paper Co. Ltd. Its two gigantic paper machines can roll out daily average of five hundred and fifteen tons.



What you don't k

By **SIDNEY MARGOLIUS**

DRAWINGS BY JACQUES LAMONTAGNE

A FRIEND of mine bought a house two years ago for two thousand dollars in cash and his signature on a mortgage for eight thousand more. At my urging he got the lender to insert into the contract a "right of prepayment" so he could pay off all or part of the mortgage at any time without a penalty charge.

But he has never used this right and has regularly paid the lender five percent while his own savings earn him on the average little more than two. He recognizes that it's foolish to borrow at more than twice the interest his own cash collects, but he's the captive of a widely held notion (sometimes it's a necessity) that it's always best to put down as little as you can on a house, and take as long to pay off as the lender will permit.

He's one of the more fortunate or more provident people who have a little extra cash to pay on a mortgage. For many other families the problem is different: there's no hope at all of home ownership without a mortgage, and at that a fairly large one. Their chief worry recently has been that some of the lenders seem to be tightening their purse-strings.

The easy-going attitude of some home buyers and the lack of cash of others is costing home-owning families millions as mortgage interest rises

and housing costs pyramid. Canadian families are paying more than ever before for their houses, and more for the money to finance them. Our housing debts are multiplying in an orderly but highly expensive progression.

A mortgage is a controversial and contradictory piece of equipment. It can be more temperamental than the plumbing. Depending on how you handle it, it can be a boon or a bane. Without mortgages many families couldn't get into houses before their children are grown. In fact, one reason home building slowed down recently was the dearth of mortgage money, at least temporarily, at the five percent rate set by the National Housing Act. For example, the House of Commons banking and commerce committee found that a builder near Toronto had to return deposits to a large group of would-be homeowners because he couldn't get mortgages at the five percent rate.

But at the same time, a mortgage can be a heavy eater at your table. For a typical moderate-priced bungalow it will consume about twenty to twenty-five dollars a month in interest alone. That's just about what it costs to feed a member of your family.

In recent years Canadian families have been enrolling into mortgagedom at the rate of some

sixty thousand annually, and the prices they've been paying for homes have been soaring. In the past two years alone, what D. B. Mansur, president of the government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corp., calls a "minimum house" jumped from \$7,000 to \$9,000. Six years ago that same house cost \$5,250.

Compared with pre-World War II, the price of a house has almost tripled. In Vancouver a five-room stucco bungalow which was \$3,570 in '39 now carries a \$9,300 tag.

Meanwhile, the size of the mortgages has been swelling. The average new mortgage undertaken in 1947 was for \$4,100. Now it's \$6,200. Every time the amount of mortgage jumps \$1,000, the actual extra cost to the home buyer counting in interest, is \$1,500 to \$1,800.

The interest on the mortgage is usually the biggest single cost in a house. The accumulated interest on a modern long-term mortgage adds up to more than either cost of materials or total labor costs. If you're a typical new homeowner you probably pay as much just in interest as to heat the house, and more than you spend on its upkeep or furnishings.

You may even find that the quiet accumulation of interest almost doubles the original mortgage. Take my friend with the eight-thousand-dollar mortgage at five percent. By the end of its twenty-five-year life he'll have repaid a grand total of \$14,304—eighty percent more than he borrowed. And he pays comparatively low interest. Nowadays, unless you can get a mortgage in which the government participates, you may pay six percent or even six and a half.

Even the rate on government-sponsored mortgages on newly built dwellings under the National Housing Act went up last year from four and a half to five percent. Hon. R. H. Winters, Minister of Resources and Development, admitted recently that it's difficult in some places to get a mortgage at the NHA rate of five percent. Lenders, he explained, can collect more interest from other investments like commercial real estate and corporate stocks and bonds.

There's no escaping the fact it costs more to finance a home in Canada than in the U. S. where rates of four and a half and five percent are common. There a government fund insures the lender against any loss.

In Canada, the present combination of inflated house prices and high interest rates sets up a definite risk for a home-seeking family. The risk is not only that in case of deflation the house might not bring enough to pay the balance of the mortgage or that the family would be burdened with high payments when wages are falling. The more immediate danger is the month to month drain on the family's income to pay the interest charges.

Modern long mortgages also tend to cloak a high price for a house in seemingly easy monthly payments, and thereby help push up tags on homes. There's a noticeable tendency these days for young families to select a house by the size of the carrying charges rather than the value. Recently I saw



Monthly mortgage interest costs as much as feeding a member of your family.

know about YOUR MORTGAGE

Mortgage interest can be the greatest single expense in any house. That's why this article could easily save you money

two subdivisions in the same suburb, both offering houses around the ten-thousand-dollar mark. But on one the monthly payments including taxes were about seventy dollars while on the other they were closer to eighty because the life of the mortgage was shorter. The one with the lower carrying charges sold out promptly. The other, offering a little better house, still has vacancies.

Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. itself has warned that the trend to smaller down payments and longer mortgages is loading families with burdensome debt. CMHC's experience in this era of persistent inflation is that the lower carrying charges due to longer amortization have actually raised price tags on houses.

It's got so that when you go house-hunting the first thing the agent or salesman wants to know is how much you can put down. He starts measuring you for the monthly carrying charges instead of trying to pick out his best values for you. When an agent asks how much they can put down most people meekly name the figure. What we should do is firmly reply, "We're looking first of all for a good value."

Actually, there are only five ways a family can reduce present steep costs of home ownership and protect itself against possible future deflation: you can cut the cost of the land, the house itself, the taxes (by choosing a low-tax area), the maintenance or the cost of financing the mortgage.

None of these are easy to cut nowadays, especially land costs. But with a little scheming and planning there are possibilities for sweating down the cost of financing the house (its largest single cost) even by a family without much capital. (Let's not kid ourselves on one point; buying a new house is not feasible at all for many moderate-income families these days. If you follow the usual principle that a family shouldn't pay more than about two and a half times its annual income for a house, then you need an income of four thousand to afford a ten-thousand-dollar home.)

There are three ways to cut financing costs:

- Make a larger down payment.
- Pay off the mortgage sooner.
- Reduce the amount of house you buy or build now, but plan or choose it so it can be expanded later.

MAKE A LARGER DOWN PAYMENT: If my friend with the \$8,000 mortgage had put down \$2,000 more when he bought his house, he'd have saved himself \$1,576. Instead of repaying a total of \$14,304 for his \$8,000 mortgage, he'd have paid \$10,728 on a \$6,000 mortgage.

Even if they are able to put down more, some families make as small a down payment as possible on the theory that if there's a deflation they can let the house go without too much loss.

There are a couple of loopholes in that thinking. They're still liable for the money owed over and beyond the price the house brings if foreclosed, unless they have no other assets that can be seized. Meanwhile they're paying out extra money in interest.

Another reason people frequently offer for having a big mortgage is that it becomes easier to sell a house if the need arises. That argument sometimes has validity if you aren't sure you're going to stay in a place. And certainly if the mortgage is at a low interest rate from earlier times, it's a selling asset.

On the other hand if the family has accumulated much equity due to inflation or some years of payment the new buyer probably would have to arrange for a larger mortgage anyway.

Some people do find it profitable to get as much money as possible on a mortgage because of special circumstances. I know a young businessman who always keeps his house mortgaged to the hilt because he can make more with the capital than he'd save on interest. An experienced investor may be able to extract a greater yield from corporate securities. But these aren't average families.

Some families can achieve a larger down payment by postponing purchases of any but essential furnishings. The tendency among young families is to put almost as much into furnishing a new home as into the down payment. David Mansur reports that a typical bungalow buyer not moving from another household of his own spends around a thousand to twelve hundred dollars to equip the

house "in a manner his wife finds acceptable." Any equipment directly or indirectly financed by way of the mortgage finally costs fifty to eighty percent more than the list price.

PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE SOONER: If my friend with the eight thousand mortgage didn't have two thousand additional to put down, he could still slash the costs of financing his home by undertaking to pay off the mortgage in fewer years. If he increased his payment six dollars a month, his mortgage would be paid off in twenty years instead of twenty-five, at a cost of \$12,920 instead of \$14,304. If he raised the monthly ante an additional six bucks, he'd unload the mortgage in fifteen years, and the cost would slide to \$11,590. That's a saving of \$2,710 from the twenty-five year stretchout, or more than twenty-five percent of the original cost of his house—enough to build a big addition to it.

The danger is making the monthly payments so high they might be difficult to meet if the family runs into unemployment or other heavy financial seas. CHMC tells prospective homeowners they can't normally afford to spend more than twenty-three percent of gross income on interest, repayment of the mortgage

Continued on page 47



One way to pare your financing costs is to build a small home that can grow.



YOU JUST TEAR OFF THAT BOXTOP...

• • • and two bright young Canadians named Harry Verner and Gus Weinstein do the rest. From space ships to bottle warmers, they handle the lion's share of this country's lively premium business

By ERIC HUTTON

PHOTO BY DESMOND RUSSELL

AMONG the conveniences of Canadian life which the Hon. Shane Alexander took back to England when his father's term as governor-general ended was a Magni-Glo ring. This is not only a handsome piece of jewelry, but it glows in the dark and thus becomes a code sender by night; it incorporates a secret message compartment, a retractable magnifying glass and a built-in ball-point pen guaranteed to write in the stratosphere or under water.

Young Alexander acquired this useful article by the same method as thousands of Canadian boys: He munched two packages of Super-Puff't popcorn at a movie matinee, saved the boxtops and put them in an envelope along with twenty-five cents in coins. Once mailed, the letter no longer represented solely the boyish urge of an earl's scion to "be the first of your gang to flash a Magni-Glo!" It became part of Canada's newest multimillion-dollar business: the premium deal.

As every housewife and youngster knows, it has become practically impossible to buy a box of cereal or a package of soap powder without thereby becoming entitled—and exhorted—to buy, for a boxtop and a sum of money alleged to be one third to one half the usual retail price, a cheese cutter or a smoke-ray pistol, a plastic bottle warmer or a mixing bowl, a stratosphere helmet or a kitchen gadget which fillets fish, disjoints chickens, opens bottles, tenderizes meat and tacks upholstery.

As recently as four years ago only a half dozen Canadian companies were timidly experimenting with premiums; this year approximately a hundred manufacturers, almost all of them in the soap products and packaged food industries, are offering premiums regularly or seasonally. It is about as difficult to nail down the current dollar volume of the Canadian premium business as to take the

census on a rabbit ranch, but the estimates of men behind the scenes of premiums average out to a total turnover this year of four million dollars. In three to five years the volume may level off at twenty million dollars.

On the surface a premium offer is such a simple, kindly offer from seller to buyer that elderly ladies are apt to regard it as just that and to write letters like: "Dear Mr. Lever: Thank you for your offer to let me have a Keep-Fresh Plastic Refrigerator Box for half price. I will take one. Also please let me know if my sister, Mrs. Annie Smith, of Halifax, has sent for one. If not, I will get another to send her for her birthday."

Actually, the premium mechanism is so complex the very thought of having to identify any individual request among tens of thousands of orders is the stuff of which premium handlers' nightmares are made. The premium operation is frequently more involved than the company's own business of converting grains into crunchy tidbits or whipping up a batch of soap flakes. To offer a potato peeler to the public for half price plus a boxtop calls not only for high-level cerebration by company officials and advertising agency executives but requires the services of premium designers, procurers, patent attorneys, premium-handling companies, coupon-servicing outfits and public preference survey organizations.

"Sometimes," says one advertising executive who has recently become deeply involved with premiums, "I feel that we're pushing sales of gadgets—and giving away soap."

Occasionally the premium incentive brings results so good as to be downright embarrassing, as when a Saskatoon housewife recently informed the makers of a popular brand of porridge oats: "We bought so much of

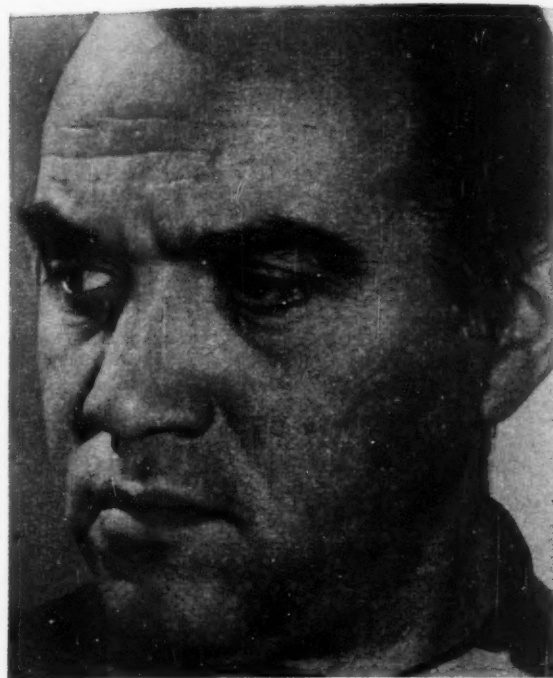
Continued on page 39

Verner, left, and Weinstein sit surrounded by gadgets they willingly exchange for old boxtops.

The next voice you hear will probably belong to Lorne Greene, who has the most lucrative larynx in Canada. In radio he's known as

THE VOICE OF DOOM

By WALLACE MACDONALD



In the role of Othello, Greene manages to look properly menacing.

WHEN director Herbert Whittaker was picking his cast for the Jupiter Theatre production of *Galileo* in Toronto last year, he gave Lorne Greene, one of the theatre's founders and backers, the part of the Pope, a minor role in the play.

"Mr. Whittaker," said Greene in the menacing tone of an oracle, "I think you might have given me a better part to play."

The director glanced up. "God perhaps?" he suggested sweetly.

"Yes," boomed Greene, "that would be better."

"Mr. Greene," said Whittaker, "you play that role every day."

Whittaker, a drama critic by profession and a shrewd judge of ham on the hoof, was expressing a belief that is prevalent among the few who work with Greene and the millions of radio listeners who know his deep, super-dramatic voice. It is a voice that rumbles with power, one that has earned for its owner such appellations as the Voice of Canada, Old Phony Menace and The Voice of Doom.

The average male may approximate the same sound by shouting into an empty rain barrel. In Greene's case the barrel effect is produced within a massive chest.

His voice, one of the most expensive commodities in Canadian radio, possesses an extraordinary power for moving people. An Ottawa woman who heard it every night on the CBC national news bulletin detected a secret code by which Greene was sending her personal messages. She pestered him nightly with long-distance telephone calls to Toronto and tried to arrange a tryst. On another occasion, when Greene mentioned on the air that he was suffering from laryngitis, he got by phone and mail seventy-three different remedies for restoring his voice.

The government played heavily on its hypnotic power during the war and Canadians couldn't escape it. The voice was on the radio, with the news, exhorting them to buy bonds, enlist, give blood, save aluminum, be brave and pray for peace. It filled the nation's theatres with compelling narrations of patriotic films. When Canada had a message for her people it was handed to the

dark-haired young man from Ottawa to translate into emotion.

During the war Lorne Greene's reading of the news became a national listening habit. His dynamic delivery made the good news seem better, the bad sound worse. Most Canadians listened to the voice before they went to bed. Seldom did it help them to sleep any easier.

The CBC preferred its announcers to read the news so objectively that not even the enemy could take offense. Greene never adhered to this prejudice but the only time his non-adherence got him in trouble was on Nov. 4, 1942, the day the Battle of El Alamein was won. After talking about defeats for three years his voice had a new ring to it. "Here's the CBC news," he said, employing the approved introduction, "and tonight there's lots of it," he added, "—most of it good." This editorial excursion resulted in a flood of favorable mail but it still earned him an official reprimand.

Today the thirty-seven-year-old Greene is Canada's best known male radio personality and his larynx is probably the most lucrative. A man of many parts, he does two sponsored newscasts a day and a weekly program of human interest stories on a national network. He acts in dozens of radio plays each year, stars on the stage and is getting ready for an assault on television. Greene also finds time to keep acquainted with his attractive wife, Rita, and their eight-year-old twins, Linda and Charles. Until recently he was dean of his own Academy of Radio Arts, a costly and controversial undertaking which folded quietly this spring.

Whittaker's reference to Greene and the Deity was prompted by more than the lordly tone of his voice. The air of omnipotence is enhanced by a magnificent physique and a majestic manner. He is half an inch over six feet, weighs close to two hundred pounds. He has a rugged expressive face, dark, deep-set eyes and a heavy brow. His prematurely greying hair grows long at the back and is swept back at the sides. On stage, at a microphone, or walking into a room, he commands attention.

Comedian Johnny Wayne, his next-door neighbor in Forest Hill,

Continued on page 50

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

Snapshot chances—like childhood—
don't come back once they're gone

When is a snapshot? Let your heart decide

You don't need a photographer's eyes to tell you when.

All you need is a big heart and a camera that's as ready to shoot as that little bronco-buster's gun.

So keep your camera handy and extra rolls of Kodak Film on hand. You'll have pictures instead of regrets when those snapshot chances come.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

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Kodak and Brownie cameras
for indoor and outdoor snapshots.

For black-and-white snapshots,
Kodak Verichrome Film.
For full-color snapshots,
Kodacolor Film.





"Though travelling alone..."

Miss S. N., home from Europe, writes to thank her bank for the way the accountant helped her with money arrangements:

"Mr. W. expended considerable effort to arm me with details of various European currencies and methods of procedure, enabling me, though travelling alone, to avoid much of the delay and embarrassment encountered by many experienced travellers whom I met along the way. All of which contributed in no small degree to my comfort and enjoyment."

The bank can smooth the way for people travelling on business or pleasure at home or abroad. Providing Letters of Credit, Travellers Cheques and other assistance is just one small part of the day-by-day service rendered by any branch of any chartered bank.

This advertisement, based on an actual letter, is presented here by

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY



Macleans MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK: In spite of the provocative title and the presence of pin-up queen Marilyn Monroe this is not a sexy comedy but a rather plodding suspense melodrama. It's about an insane baby-sitter (Miss M.) and a lonely wolf (Richard Widmark) who gets mixed up with her in a metropolitan hotel.

FOUR IN A JEEP: A thoughtful and interesting Swiss-made drama, mainly shot in Vienna in 1951, and focusing on the four-power tensions now dominating the uneasy city where Strauss and Schubert once sang so joyously.

THE GIRL IN WHITE: Crinkly-eyed June Allyson likeably impersonates Dr. Emily Dunning Barringer, first woman ever accepted as an intern in any New York hospital. The story drags along without much in the nature of a climax but has its share of captivating moments.

I BELIEVE IN YOU: A pleasant British film dealing with the work of England's probation officers, employed by the Home Office to straighten the tangled lives of the wild, the wicked and the wacky. Cecil Parker, that master of the reproving cough and the slightly lifted eyebrow, appears as a retired civil servant who enters this difficult work because idleness is boring him.

JUMPING JACKS: Great stuff, I guess, for the Martin and Lewis fans—a group in which I do not claim even an associate membership. This time the boys are in the paratroops.

LURE OF THE WILDERNESS: Although the story is implausible in part, this is a competent Technicolor remake of 1941's black-and-white Swamp Water—and color is wonderfully suited to the photogenic horrors of Florida's Okefenokee wilderness. Walter Brennan and Jean Peters are a-hidin' out from an unjust murder rap, and country boy Jeffrey Hunter comes a-paddlin' to their rescue.

THE PROMOTER: A brash but lovable young bloke rises from the slums to

become the mayor and the funniest inhabitant of an English town. The resourceful Alec Guinness, in the title role, scores again in this agreeable British comedy-drama.

RANCHO NOTORIOUS: As the owner-hostess of a frontier hideout for wanted men, the imperishable Marlene Dietrich is often both amusing and alluring in this big-budget western, which otherwise is a fairly routine product. Mel Ferrer and Arthur Kennedy are among the lady's dangerous customers.

SCANDAL IN THE VILLAGE: The stimulation offered by some flashes of sharp and literate dialogue helps to make this leisurely British mystery an acceptable item. It has to do with a vicious teen-ager who, for her own sinister purposes, blackens the good repute of a stout-hearted old woman and the latter's genteel daughter.

SCARAMOUCHE: Sword-play and romancing in eighteenth-century France, with Stewart Granger and Mel Ferrer as well-matched antagonists. Eleanor Parker and Janet Leigh are on hand as a pair of maddening mademoiselles. A loud, breezy and entertaining swash-buckler, in Technicolor.

SECRET PEOPLE: London and Paris in the troubled 1930s are the locales in this earnest, symbolical but confusing British study of political intrigue and the violence that goes with it. Valentina Cortese and Audrey Hepburn, as refugee sisters in Britain, become tragically involved in revolutionary plotting.

WE'RE NOT MARRIED! A muddled justice-of-the-peace (Victor Moore) performs five marriage ceremonies before he is legally entitled to do so. The story shows what happens two years later when the five couples discover they have been living in—technically, anyway—something like sin. Not all of it is as funny as it tries to be, but Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers are worth the admission as a pair of radio lovebirds who start insulting each other the moment they're off the air.

GILMOUR RATES

About Face: Musical. Poor.
African Queen: Adventure. Excellent.
Atomic City: Spy drama. Good.
Battle at Apache Pass: Injuns. Fair.
The Big Night: Drama. Fair.
The Big Trees: Action drama. Poor.
Boots Malone: Turf drama. Excellent.
Bride of the Gorilla: Fantasy. Poor.
Captive City: Crime drama. Good.
Carbine Williams: Jail drama. Fair.
Clash by Night: Sex drama. Poor.
Deadline, U.S.A.: Press drama. Good.
Diplomatic Courier: Spies. Fair.
Encore: Maugham "package." Good.
The Fighter: Boxing drama. Fair.
Five: Atomic-age drama. Fair.
5 Fingers: Spy drama. Excellent.
Fun for Four: Comedy. Poor.
Glory Alley: Drama. Poor.
Has Anybody Seen My Gal?: Domestic comedy of 1920s. Good.
High Noon: Western. Excellent.
His Excellency: Comedy-drama. Good.
Hong Kong: Melodrama. Fair.
Hoodlum Empire: Crime drama. Fair.
Hunted: British crime drama. Good.
Kangaroo: Outdoor drama. Fair.

The Lion and the Horse: Outdoor action. Good for kids.
Lovely to Look At: Musical. Fair.
Lydia Bailey: Haiti adventure. Good.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.
Mara Maru: Sea melodrama. Poor.
Mr. Lord Says "No!": Comedy. Fair.
Oliver Twist: Drama (reissue). Tops.
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
Pat and Mike: Athletic comedy and romance. Excellent.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.
Red Ball Express: War. Fair.
Red Mountain: Western. Fair.
Robin Hood: Adventure. Good.
She's Working Her Way Thru College: Light musical. Good.
Singin' in the Rain: Musical. Good.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Something to Live For: Drama. Fair.
Symphony of Life: War and music. Fair.
Tembo: Jungle travelogue. Fair.
Tom Brown's School Days: Drama. Good.
When in Rome: Comedy. Fair.
World in His Arms: Adventure. Fair.
You Can't Beat the Irish: Comedy. Fair.

MORE CAR-MILES[☆] per dollar!

☆ More car per dollar when you buy!
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Power-plus "Econimaster" engine

Beautiful modern styling

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One piece opti-curve windshield

11 Cubic foot luggage com-
partment

Full hydraulic 2 leading-shoe brakes

Approved sealed beam lights

7 colour and trim combinations

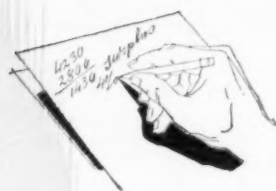
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Q

How Can I Start An Investment Programme?



A

By Planned Savings Through Life Insurance.

The basis of an investment plan in most cases should be life insurance. It meets in a sound and regular way the real objectives of investment — savings for the future, a retirement income and money for your family should anything happen to you. What is more, life insurance achieves these ends economically and without worry or risk. Discuss with a Mutual Life of Canada representative a life insurance investment plan for your future.

THE
MUTUAL LIFE
of CANADA

HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Protect while you save

EST. 1869

MM-22

Stuffed Shirt

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

bungalow and it was by accident, not design, that he found himself behind a clump of hibiscus just below the lighted veranda at the moment when Lucy's laughter and that of a man broke the evening silence.

"I can't think," said the man, "what made you marry a stuffed shirt like Wilfred."

Wilfred Hopking's vocabulary had not progressed with the times. He was vaguely aware that the expression "stuffed shirt" was an Americanism, probably introduced into Australia during the war, but he had never heard it before, which did not stop him from conjuring up an unflattering picture of himself as seen through other eyes. He became very angry, so instead of going into the house, he walked a few hundred yards to the Sulu Club, for he wanted to think. The man's voice had been that of John Hudson, his own assistant, which seemed to aggravate Lucy's disloyalty.

While sipping a couple of drinks in a quiet corner of the Club, Wilfred Hopking decided that his forbearance was at an end.

JOHN HUDSON had gone when Wilfred returned to his bungalow. Lucy, wearing a frowsy negligee, was lying on her favorite long chair. On the table beside her was whisky and soda water. Hopking professed not to see the two soiled glasses and the stub of a cigar in the ash tray. On his entry, without even looking up from her novel, Lucy gave him a cool "Hello, you're back."

A slovenly Chinese servant, who took his cue from his mistress, served Wilfred with some canned meat and canned vegetables. Having lived on canned food in the jungle he added this to the list of grievances against his wife. As soon as he had finished eating he broached the subject uppermost in his mind.

"If you can spare me a few minutes from your book, my dear," he said mildly, "I would like to talk to you."

"Well," she said, looking up, "what is it?"

"It must be as plain to you as it is to me, Lucy," he began, "that our marriage is not a success. The reasons do not matter: only the fact is important. Trying to apportion the blame will achieve nothing so let us regard our failure as a joint one and leave it at that."

"What sort of a life do you think it is for me?" she railed immediately. "What woman could find anything to do in this lousy dump?"

"Several women whom we both know manage to lead useful and happy lives here, my dear, but that is no help to us and I merely mention it in passing. The important thing is, what are we going to do about it?"

"You tell me," said Lucy, her eyes hard with suspicion.

"I think you would be happier elsewhere, my dear," said Wilfred softly.

"Perhaps you'll tell me what I'm going to live on elsewhere?"

"I have, of course, thought of that," said Wilfred. "I am not, as you know, a rich man. My salary is not large. Happily, however, my tastes are simple. I am prepared to allow you half my official salary. With that you should be able to live modestly wherever you choose . . ."

"And what about the five thousand pounds in War Loan that you have hidden away at the bank? Who gets that?"

"You have, I see, been prying into

my private papers during my absence," said Wilfred coldly. He was now angry and it made things easier. "The pinching and scraping I did to accumulate that sum was done years before I ever met you, Lucy, and you will have no part of it."

"Then, if that's how you feel," said Lucy jauntily, "I'll stay here until you think different. Give me the five thousand and half your pay and I'll be off on the next boat."

"Remember this conversation, Lucy," said Wilfred, "and remember, too, that I made you a generous offer. I will give you forty-eight hours to think things over. The next offer will be less generous."

SEVERAL weeks passed during which Lucy and Wilfred barely spoke to each other. At the office, however, Wilfred subtly made John Hudson aware of his suspicions, relying upon him to discuss the matter with Lucy. Meanwhile, he was planning his next trip into the jungle. On this trip he announced his intention of taking John Hudson with him.

The effect of this announcement on Lucy was startling. In the past she had scornfully refused to accompany Wilfred on his trips into the interior, but now she reversed her attitude. "I'll come if there's room for me," she said.

"We'll make room for you, my dear," said Wilfred pleasantly. "I'm sure it will be better for you than lying on the veranda all day eating chocolates. You'll have to watch your weight, Lucy, because you haven't the bone structure to carry flesh."

"I'd sooner have a bit of flesh than be a bag of skin and bones like you," retorted Lucy, stung by the remark.

Physically, Wilfred was not imposing. He was a wisp of a man, with bottle shoulders and a head disproportionately large. Hudson, by comparison, was huge. He was a beefy young man, full-blooded and healthy. The jungle had not yet taken toll of him—but it would.

The trio set out at dawn in the government launch. Chang, who was Wilfred's loyal servant, doubled as cook and mechanic. Towed astern was a dinghy and outboard motor. For the first fifty miles along the coast the weather was gay and sparkling. The way then led into the broad estuary of a river and a dense belt of mangrove swamps, where the mud churned up by the propeller smelled vilely. The two men were used to the smell, but at the evening meal Lucy announced herself unable to eat anything. "Think how good that will be for your figure," said Wilfred mockingly.

Lucy's full-bloodedness attracted swarms of mosquitoes that night. She appeared in the morning with swollen eyes and her lower lip looking as though she had been in a fight. "If I were you, my dear," said Wilfred, "I would spend some of the daylight hours mending the mosquito net."

From the beginning the trip was not pleasant. All three were too conscious of the weight of unspoken thoughts, while Hudson and Lucy were uncomfortably aware of a certain mockery in Wilfred's manner. It was hard to pin down, but undeniably there. Lucy was frightened. She voiced her fears to Hudson. "He's hatching something, John. I know it. I'm scared . . . for you."

"You're imagining things, Lucy," said Hudson. "I can handle the little man and six like him. Don't worry."

Hudson's beef and brawn alongside Wilfred's insignificance and seeming frailty were reassuring, but Lucy remained uneasy. Even if Wilfred lacked brute force, he had a good brain. Far

Continued on page 30

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from being sensitive, Lucy had, furthermore, detected the subtle hardening in his attitude toward her.

The heat made things worse. The river was growing narrower and the dense vegetation on either bank seemed to press inward until at times it was hard to breathe.

"You are probably claustrophobic, my dear," said Wilfred in answer to Lucy's complaints.

"There you go with your long Latin names again!" snapped Lucy. "Why don't you talk the King's English sometimes?"

"I wonder," said Wilfred with a smile, "whether you would understand me if I did."

"There's a dirty crack," guffawed Hudson tactlessly. "By God, Lucy, you asked for that one."

A little while ago, Lucy realized, Wilfred would not have so humiliated her. She took refuge in a sulky silence, concentrating on the repairs to the mosquito net. The shadows were lengthening and she dreaded the winged horrors the night would bring.

At nightfall they reached a point where the river was no longer navigable. It had opened out into a lake about a mile in diameter. The launch was anchored almost in the centre of the lake, where there was a cool breeze and relatively few insects. The lake-shore was mostly flat, but the sun set behind a high cliff which rose about two hundred feet sheer from the water.

During most of the evening Wilfred Hopking sat in the bows of the launch alone, listening on a portable radio to a symphony concert broadcast in London and relayed by an Australian station. Lucy and Hudson, neither of whom liked classical music, sat in the stern well chatting uneasily.

AT DAWN Wilfred and Hudson set out in the dinghy. Lucy wanted to go with them, but there was no room. Most of the space was occupied by specimen cases. At the last moment Wilfred took down a rifle from its rack on the cabin wall and pushed off. The look he gave his wife in those last seconds haunted her for the rest of the day. She stood on the deck until the dinghy rounded a bend and disappeared up a tributary stream. The last thing she saw was Hudson's red-and-black check shirt in the stern of the dinghy. She had made the shirt with her own hands as a gift in one of her rare bursts of energy.

At around four o'clock in the afternoon Lucy, who was dozing on deck under a canvas canopy, heard the sound of a rifle shot. Chang heard it, too. A little later there came another shot, this time from the top of the cliff about six hundred yards distant, where two figures were silhouetted against the western sky. Fetching the glasses from the cabin Lucy had no difficulty in identifying the two figures as those of her husband and John Hudson. In the stillness of the afternoon she heard Wilfred's high-pitched voice raised in anger. Hudson was now poised at the top of the cliff, while Wilfred, rifle at the ready, was walking slowly towards him. When he was about eighty yards distant, Wilfred raised the rifle to his shoulder and fired. John Hudson's body seemed to sway and then it pitched backwards and fell with a splash into the lake. For two minutes afterwards Lucy could see it bobbing in the current, easily visible because of the red and black shirt. She screamed to Chang to start the engines and go to his rescue. Chang, his face a mask of indifference, shook his head.

An hour later the phut-phut of the outboard motor became audible as the dinghy swung out of a tributary stream into the lake. Wilfred was at the helm,

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but there was not a sign of Hudson.

"I've brought back a nice tender young sucking pig for dinner," Wilfred announced casually. "With some sage and onion stuffing it will make a pleasant change."

"You murdering swine," screamed Lucy. "I seen you do it. He was the only man I ever loved and if it's the last thing I ever do I'll see you hung for it."

"Hanged, my dear, please," said Wilfred in gentle reproof. "The grammar of our judges is impeccable and they always say 'hanged.'"

Lucy gave herself over to the luxury of hysterics, while Wilfred, apparently quite unperturbed, gave Chang instructions for the cooking of the sucking pig and settled down to enjoy some broadcast music.

IT WAS nearly nine o'clock before Chang announced that dinner was ready. Lucy chose that moment to emerge from the sleeping cabin. She and Wilfred sat down in silence to their meal.

The sucking pig was tender and delicious. Each ate two helpings. "I must say, my dear," observed Wilfred, pushing his plate away from him, "that for a woman who has just seen the only man she ever loved murdered by a jealous husband you have a remarkably good appetite. I do hope that, from wherever he may be now, Hudson didn't see you take that second helping of sucking pig. He wouldn't be flattered, poor chap."

"Why did you kill him, Wilfred?" asked Lucy, blushing.

"I don't admit that I did kill him, my dear. But if I had killed him my reason would have been that he was your lover. As good a reason as any, eh? *Crime passionnel* is what the newspapers call it, I think."

"There you go, spouting Latin again," said Lucy, sidetracked by her irritation.

"It isn't Latin, my dear. It's French for what jealous husbands sometimes do to their wives and vice versa. French juries, you know, are notoriously lenient in such cases."

"Who says that John was my lover?"

"I do, my dear."

"Well, what if he was? I'll gamble you can't prove it."

"If, as you tell me, my dear, Hudson is dead, surely it's hardly worth while proving. After all, *de mortuis* and so forth, you know . . ."

"There you go, more Latin!"

"Ah, well, Lucy, if I'm going to be hanged you won't be troubled any more by my deplorable habit of using Latin. That last *was* Latin, by the way, my dear. You're developing quite a gift for languages."

Lucy gave it up. Her husband's tongue had never before had the power to hurt her, but what she did not realize was that until now he had never tried.

Lucy wept tears of relief when, six days later, the launch was moored alongside the pier a few hundred yards from their bungalow. By this time her nerves were raw from Wilfred's constant needling and her hatred for him knew no bounds.

Pausing at the bungalow only long enough to bath and change, Wilfred Hopking made his way toward the club. To Chang, whom he met on the way, he said: "Men will soon come to ask you questions. Tell them the truth. That is my order. The truth and only the truth."

AT THE CLUB Wilfred joined a mild poker game. He was a popular man among men, who appreciated his dry wit more than it was

Continued on page 33

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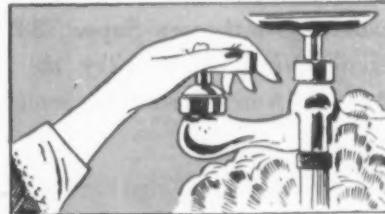
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appreciated at home. They knew that he had made an unfortunate marriage and were sorry for him.

No sooner had the game started than Masterson, the Superintendent of Police, was called away. He returned a few minutes later, looking grave. "Sorry to interrupt the game, you fellows," he said, "but I must talk to Hopking privately."

Out on the club veranda Masterson said: "What's this tale your wife has brought back, old man?"

"What tale?"

"That you have murdered Hudson. You haven't, have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, where is Hudson if he didn't come back with you?"

"I don't know, Masterson. We had a bit of a disagreement. Nothing much, you understand—and then he cleared off. I hung around for him for three days and then, as food was running out, returned without him. He'll turn up one of these days by canoe."

"You seem to be taking it all very lightly, Hopking," said the policeman, "but you may as well know that your wife has lodged a formal charge of murder against you. She states that she saw you shoot him."

"Lucy's tongue runs away with her at times, Masterson. If I were you I wouldn't pay any attention to her."

"But Chang corroborates her in every detail, my dear chap. Unless you produce Hudson you must see that I have no choice in the matter but to arrest you and charge you formally with his murder."

"I've told you once, Masterson, and now I repeat it: I didn't shoot Hudson. Furthermore, I've nothing more to say in the matter. The whole thing is absurd."

And from this attitude nothing would shake Wilfred Hopking.

THE JURISDICTION of Zimbatan was by way of being a hybrid. Its foundation was the ancient local law onto which, centuries previously, Islamic law had been grafted. Then, in the middle of the nineteenth century, with the influx of Europeans and Chinese, the old law had proved inadequate in the face of changed conditions. The present Sultan's grandfather had asked Great Britain to lend him judicial officers to recodify and administer local law. Much of the law and most of the legal procedure were extremely close to the British system. The Chief Justice, Mr. Fotheringham, was, however, not in any sense a British representative. He was employed by and responsible to the Sultan, who was in himself the last court of appeal in the land, although he had only on two

occasions reversed court decisions.

After a brief preliminary hearing Wilfred Hopking was committed for trial before Mr. Justice Fotheringham.

Lucy Hopking, meanwhile, was in a fever of impatience for the trial. She was by way of being a famous person. Two newspapermen had flown from Singapore to interview her and she had received a cabled offer from a London Sunday newspaper for her story. She had by now so dramatized her sordid liaison with Hudson that it was beginning to rank in her eyes as a heroic love story.

On a morning a few days before the date set for the trial Lucy was feeling a little neglected when she saw with pleasure Mr. Hutchinson, the Public Prosecutor, alight from his car outside the bungalow. He was a man with old-fashioned courtly manners and his deference to her during their necessary interviews had pleased her.

"The news I have for you is not good, Mrs. Hopking," he began without preamble. "Unless further evidence appears it may be necessary to withdraw the charges against your husband."

"You mean he isn't going to be hung?" Lucy asked in dismay.

"Your husband has invoked an ancient law of the state, Mrs. Hopking, which forbids a wife to testify against her husband. We have been hoping for further evidence in the form of the *corpus delicti*."

"The what?"

"That is, the—er—body of Mr. Hudson. With the body, plus a bullet which could be proved to have been fired from your husband's rifle, and of course the evidence of Chang, we could have secured a conviction without your evidence, but now . . ."

"Poor John!" said Lucy sadly. "He was everything to me, Mr. Hutchinson. I loved him . . . and now Wilfred, the brute, is going to get away with it."

"I fear so, Mrs. Hopking," said Hutchinson, who liked Hopking and privately deplored the wife's vindictiveness, "but the law is the law. Unless Mr. Hudson's body is found, which I must warn you is highly improbable, the charges will be withdrawn. There is no hope of obtaining a conviction upon the uncorroborated testimony of a Chinese servant." He rose to leave.

"Don't go just yet, Mr. Hutchinson," Lucy implored. "I'll tell the boy to bring us coffee . . . a drink. Let me think for a moment, but don't go."

Hutchinson looked at her wonderingly, for her face had become a mask of hatred. All the simpering affectations were gone and the real naked Lucy Hopking stood revealed there. She

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seemed almost drooling with malice.

"Supposing, Mr. Hutchinson, just supposing," she said after a silence of several minutes, "that I wasn't his wife after all. Supposing that when I married him I had a husband alive. What then, Mr. Hutchinson?"

"If that were so—and you could prove it—there would be no bar to your giving evidence against your—against Mr. Hopking. In that event, even in the absence of the *corpus delicti*—the—er—body, I think we should secure a conviction."

"And he'd be hung?"

"That would be for the judge to decide, Mrs. Hopking. But am I to inter that the hypothetical case you have just put to me is in fact the truth?"

"Say that again, Mr. Hutchinson."

"Am I to understand that when you went through a form of marriage with Wilfred Hopking a previous husband was alive?"

Lucy could not keep the coyness out of her nod of assent.

In a few moments Hutchinson had made a note of all the essential information, including the present address of

Walter Brandon. He sighed as he did so, for he liked Wilfred Hopking. After warning Lucy that she herself faced a charge of bigamy, he left.

"I'll go to prison if I must," said Lucy, tossing her blonded curls defiantly. "It'll be worth it to see that dirty so-and-so hung." The unprintable epithet she used shocked Hutchinson profoundly.

AFTER THAT the law had to take its course. There was a brief postponement of the trial to allow time for evidence to arrive by air mail to the

effect that Walter Brandon, the lawful husband of Lucy, was still alive. Lucy was permitted to testify against Wilfred Hopking.

"Well, well! Who would have thought it of Lucy?" observed Wilfred cheerfully when informed by Masterson of this development. It was Masterson who, as a friend, urged Wilfred to have his defense undertaken by a lawyer. "It's very kind of you, Masterson," he said, "but I don't like lawyers. I never have. They have a deplorable habit of complicating perfectly simple issues. I am an innocent man who has an unbounded faith in the triumph of truth and justice."

The first witness called at the trial was Masterson, who produced to the court the marriage certificate of Walter and Lucy Brandon, together with the sworn statements of each that the marriage had not been annulled, or ended by divorce. Wilfred Hopking wagged his finger roguishly as Lucy came forward to testify.

Advised by Hutchinson to conceal her malice Lucy told her story simply and convincingly. She swore to having heard several shots and to having seen Wilfred Hopking fire one shot at Hudson, whose body had thereupon toppled over the cliff edge and, caught by the swirling current, disappeared downstream. Wilfred Hopking waived his right to cross-examine.

Chang corroborated the story in detail, looking across at his master appealingly, as though for forgiveness. "Tell the truth," said Hopking.

"When I require your assistance in conducting the prosecution," observed Hutchinson coldly, "I will let you know."

"In your own interests, Mr. Hopking," interposed the judge, "I consider that you should be legally represented. You are on trial for your life. I am prepared to adjourn court to give you time to instruct counsel."

"Thank you, Your Honor," came the smiling reply, "but I prefer to conduct my own defense."

There was further evidence from the servants at the Hopking bungalow, the purpose of which was to establish the motive of jealousy. When this had been heard the court was adjourned for lunch.

During the recess Chang was permitted to visit Hopking in his cell. He was shamefaced and hunched with grief. "That it should have been I who helped to swear away the life of a good master," he said bitterly. "If the master will only permit me I will go back to that room and I will swear that the woman gave me money to speak falsely."

"Listen to me, Chang," said Hopking in Malay, their only common language. "Listen and obey. Then all will be well and we shall make many more voyages together."

When he left the cell Chang's weather-beaten face was wrinkled in a broad smile, and as he left the precincts he was heard to laugh.

The afternoon session of the court was occupied chiefly by a half-hearted speech from Hutchinson, which lost force by the absence of any rebuttal.

"Do you wish to speak in your own defense, Mr. Hopking?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then, if you require more than an hour to address the court, tomorrow being a holiday, we will adjourn until Monday at 10 a.m."

"If the court pleases," replied Hopking, "I shall require more than an hour. In the circumstances I would prefer to begin it after the adjournment."

"Then, so be it. Court is adjourned until Monday at 10 a.m."



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ALL WOOL PILE — NO RAYON . . . AND MOTHPROOF, TOO

LUCY WAS suffering under a sense of anticlimax and grievance. Her little hour of glory was gone. The triumph of her appearance in court, so wonderful in anticipation, had fallen flat, for it is of the essence of triumph that it be enjoyed with an audience. The white community, shocked by her malice, ignored her existence. All the sympathy was for Hopking, to whose cell there went a constant stream of visitors over the week end.

On the Monday morning, when Lucy entered the court, Hopking was already speaking. "I will not state that Mrs. Brandon is a liar," he was saying. "I prefer to be more charitable and say that she is mistaken. *Humanum est errare*. That, my dear," he said to the furiously blushing Lucy, "is a free translation of the Latin tag which says that we see what we want to see."

"You will kindly address yourself to the court and not to individuals," snapped Fotheringham. "Furthermore, your vague, unsworn statement that you did not kill John Hudson is worth precisely nothing against the sworn testimony of two witnesses who state that they saw you do so."

"Your Honor," said Hopking amusedly, "it is notoriously difficult to prove a negative. If I had witnesses I would bring them. But witnesses to what? There are millions of people who did not see me kill John Hudson, but Your Honor would not listen to them if they came here to say so."

While Hopking was being rebuked judicially for this facetiousness the door of the court opened. Chang's head and shoulders appeared briefly before he withdrew.

"I beg the court's pardon," said Hopking, "but I wished to illustrate the difficulty of establishing a negative assertion."

"The court is well aware of that, Mr. Hopking. You may proceed."

"Although on the first day of the trial I waived my right to call witnesses," said Hopking, "I now throw myself on the indulgence of the court and ask permission to call one witness."

"I trust, Mr. Hopking," said the Judge, "that this is not one of the millions of people who failed to see you shoot Mr. Hudson."

"No, Your Honor. Nevertheless, I am bound to state that his evidence will be of a negative character, but I assure the court that he will establish my innocence and demolish this trumped-up charge."

"The name of your witness? He shall be summoned at once."

"My witness, Your Honor, is John Hudson," said Hopking. "He will assure the court that I did not kill him."

The harder the judge beat the desk with his gavel, the louder Lucy screamed. Pandemonium reigned until she had been carried outside by two policemen. John Hudson stood aside in the doorway to allow her to pass.

Judge Fotheringham allowed himself a little judicial indignation, promising an investigation of what he termed "this disgraceful abuse of the processes of law." He then formally acquitted Wilfred Hopking, who, amid the congratulations of his friends, was taken to the Sulu Club.

LUCY, recovered from her hysterics, was busy packing her belongings when Wilfred returned to the bungalow. A ship was due to leave in the morning for Singapore and Lucy was determined to sail with it. On Hopking's heels there arrived a Malay policeman, carrying a wet sack and a note from Masterson. Water trickled from the sack and ran in rivulets across the floor of the living room.

"Can't you wait until I'm gone to

bring your filthy specimens into the bungalow?" snapped Lucy, still truculent in defeat.

"There are no specimens in the sack, my dear," replied Hopking mildly. "That, in case you are interested, contains the *corpus delicti* . . ."

"The what?"

"The—er—body, I should have said, my dear, knowing your dislike of Latin. One of the river police found it this morning on a mudbank."

"The body! What body?" said Lucy aghast.

"To be strictly accurate, my dear, it

isn't a body so don't be alarmed. It is, if I may coin a phrase, a stuffed shirt."

Wilfred Hopking upturned the sack, shaking out onto the floor a red-and-black check shirt stuffed with straw, on the front of which, clearly visible, were three bullet holes.

"Try to forgive the little deception, my dear," continued Hopking. "I am a poor man. I could not afford to employ detectives to scour the world to prove Walter Brandon was still alive. My only alternative, therefore, was to contrive a situation which would persuade you to prove it for me. My loss,"

he added gallantly, "is Walter Brandon's gain."

As Lucy left the bungalow Wilfred was singing happily in his bath. ★

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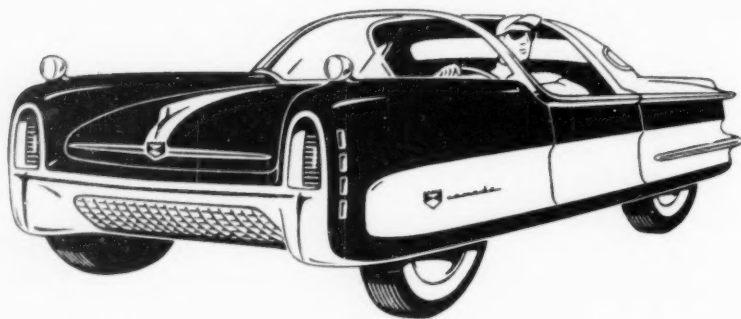
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

grapes, beside a waterfall that tumbles down the cliff like an unruly lock of silver hair, around the spire of low-grade rock, now niched with winding steps and covered with alpine, alongside a mossy path of steppingstones and on into the deep blue quarry pond where, through reflection, the parade lines up and goes marching by again. And the silver-leaved poplars Jenny planted forty years ago away their tips high above the quarry walls.

The quarry steals the show at the Butchart Gardens, but it is only the centrepiece for twenty-five acres of formal flower displays, copses, dim woodland walks, pools, fountains and spreading green lawns set in a frame of firs, cedars and yews. For a couple who hardly knew a daisy from a dandelion when they launched the garden it was no small triumph.

Robert Pim Butchart had been born in Owen Sound, Ont., in 1857, the son of a ship chandler whose business he inherited. When he was twenty-seven he married eighteen-year-old Jeanette Foster Kennedy of Toronto. She had made some balloon ascensions and had hoped to marry the keeper of a livery stable so that she could spend her life riding horses, her favorite sport.

After Bob Butchart had safely grounded Jenny he took a trip to England to get the lowdown on the new Portland cement industry. Nobody was giving away any secrets so he decided to return home and stick with the ship chandlery. But one day in Canterbury his eye caught a sign: A. S. Butchart, Cement Manufacturer. On a hunch he entered the shop and found that the proprietor was indeed a distant relative. When he left the shop he had the information he needed, returned to Canada and in 1890 founded the Portland Cement Company at Shallow Lake, near Owen Sound—the first in Canada.

The company boomed and in 1905 Bob and Jenny Butchart went west to investigate limestone deposits at Tod Inlet, a minor reach dropped off by Saanich Inlet on its travels to the environs of the city of Victoria. They decided to stay.

By 1909 the quarry was exhausted and so was Jenny Butchart. On her property was the ugly pit, a sprawling cement mill and a shanty town housing a hundred Chinese, part of the plant's two-hundred-man work force. The scene was set for her tears.

When she told her husband of her inspiration he shared her enthusiasm. He lent her a group of Chinese workmen from the plant and gave her the first of what were to be thousands of dollars. Jenny began to sink the Butchart money back into the earth from which it had come.

As a girl she had won, but not taken, a three-year bursary for art study in Paris. Her eye for color and form served her well in her new project.

She scoured the countryside for rich black loam and had it dumped by the ton over the quarry sides until there were eighteen inches of soil on the quarry floor. A friend gave her some sweet peas as a starter and from these she graduated to shrubs and climbing plants, ferns and ivy. She sowed grass and made borders of blooms and planted rock gardens. Trees were transplanted from every part of the island.

The Butcharts were beginning to travel then and they brought back plants from Alaska and the Yukon

and the Himalayas and the Pyrenees. Within two years the quarry was a cup brimming with bloom, in three it was spilling over into surrounding gardens.

She planted a rhododendron grove and a rose garden surrounded by dwarf boxwood hedges. Paths began to lead through hedgerows of English lavender to a Japanese garden, with dwarf trees and pagodas set on stilts in pools and lacquered bridges, and carried on to a pond shaped like a thirteen-pointed star, enclosed by a circular hedge of *Cryptomeria japonica* trained in arches twenty feet high. After a trip to Rome, Jenny installed an Italian garden with a rectangular lily pond.

Friends began to visit Jenny Butchart's garden, and they brought their friends, and their friends brought other friends. Soon Jenny had to open her garden three days a week to accommodate them all. By the First World War total strangers were flocking to the garden in tallyhos and on horseback and on a bobbing country trolley. Jenny flung her garden gates open and left them open seven days a week.

The Butchart house, too, was growing in every direction like the garden. Jenny put a sign over the door that said *Benvenuto*, meaning "welcome" in Italian. She spent the rest of her life making sure it never lost its meaning.

She planted flowering plums and magnolia and pink-flowered dogwood and Siberian wallflowers and fine-feathered cockscomb and bachelor's buttons. She installed a sand pile for the children and little chairs and tables under the maples. She put in swings and slides and archery rings and a croquet lawn. Shetland ponies pulled children in a Sicilian pony cart.

She put in garden seats and a tea-house made from logs of Douglas fir. She supplied the tea-house with cups and saucers and teapots and furniture and magazines. She put goldfish in the quarry pond, trained them to come for feeding at the clang of a dinner bell.

When strangers peered in the windows of *Benvenuto*, friends would tell Jenny she ought to charge admission. "No," would be her reply, "the flowers are fleeting. Why shouldn't people enjoy them? They're free for all."

Bob Butchart contributed rare birds, bronze and gold peacocks, pearl-breasted pigeons, English and Mexican canaries, water fowl and German bullfinches trained to whistle. Birds in glass cages formed one entire wall of his heated salt-water swimming pool. Others he kept in heated aviaries on the grounds. Many roamed the gardens at will.

The mile-long Limekiln Road leading to the estate was a public thoroughfare but he supplied the cement to pave it and imported five hundred and sixty-six Japanese cherry trees, making its beauty second only to the Potomac Drive in Washington, D.C.

Keep - off - the - grass signs had no place in Jenny Butchart's scheme of things. And only one sign said "private." It was cut in a flagstone by a white wicket gate that opened onto two hundred square feet of garden beside the house. The garden was enclosed by white lattice, bowered with roses. It was Jenny's one retreat.

Robert Butchart, now a millionaire with interests in a cement-plant chain, timber, steamships, shipbuilding, coal, hardware and trusts, was tall, lean and had the bearing of an English officer. His voice was quiet but he only had to say things once.

Crazy about mechanical gadgets, he had one of the first automobiles on Vancouver Island and followed it up with imported European and luxury American models. He would put the chauffeur in the back seat and drive at breakneck speeds. When he was

eighty Jenny talked police into taking away his driver's license.

He liked to play rummy with the servants as long as he could win. His hobbies, such as the rare birds, didn't last very long. But he never got tired of his three Pekingese dogs, which were with him always, and his electric pipe organ. The organ, a magnificent cherry-wood affair, was a companion piece to a twelve-foot-high piano he had shipped home from Germany. It operated off player rolls, which suited him fine because he couldn't play it. Loudspeakers carried its melodies into the garden.

When lovers strolled in the Italian garden after dusk Bob would switch on concealed lights, play wedding music on the organ. To an interviewer he said: "I'll tell you all there is to know. Once upon a time there was a pretty girl who married a man and lived happily ever after."

Jenny Butchart's features, in contrast to her husband's, were as blunt as an Irish washerwoman's. She was a little over five feet and so plump that her husband bought her a rowing machine, but she never used it. Her dresses were out of fashion and frequently dirty from the garden; her favorite garb was overalls and a straw hat. She wore no jewelry, had lost two wedding rings and said to heck with a third.

She liked practical jokes and once put soap on Bob's violin bow. When he broke the instrument in a rage and took up the mouth organ instead she agreed it served her right.

At a world's fair, when Bob placed orders left and right for an electric dishwasher, an organ, a helicopter ("a great thing for traveling between the garden and Victoria, Jen"), Jenny followed behind canceling the orders. "I'm his nurse," she told the confused salesman, "he's a little . . . you know." And she would tap her finger solemnly against her temple. Bob got an organ later anyway.

She was an excellent storyteller and loved a ribald joke. Sometimes she even embarrassed the sight-seeing guides, who were among her best friends and whom she called "my boys."

She sometimes changed the layout of the gardens on their suggestion. It was bus driver George (Rebel) Mowat, a veteran of twenty-five years on the Butchart Gardens run, who suggested the wishing well. Every week he would plunge into it in high rubber boots and cart the coins to Jenny's sun porch in a wheelbarrow, where they were packaged for charity. It was at Rebel's suggestion too that a high hedge was trimmed enabling visitors to see an untouched neighboring quarry and compare it with the sunken garden.

Rebel once was taken aback when a member of his party remarked: "My, aren't the acoustics in the quarry simply wonderful." But he wasn't defeated. "Ah madam," he replied, "you should come around next week when they're in bloom."

Jenny Butchart was the unpaid official welcomer for the city of Victoria. She entertained dignitaries, conventions and whole army regiments. She also gave tea parties to the poor and the aged, and got her greatest thrill drawing word pictures of the flowers for the blind, to go with the perfumes they could smell. At other times, she would sit in the window of her drawing-room and watch strangers enjoy her private sanctuary. The Butcharts took their world tours during the "off season" at the gardens. She said: "It seems lonely when the crowds stop coming."

Bob Butchart agreed. "I can't understand how some people shut themselves away from their fellow men," he once said. "Why I'm never lonely when I

can see so many people enjoying themselves every day."

Many visitors never realized the gardens were the Butcharts' private property. Some who did responded in strange fashion. They picked the flowers. They ate the walnuts and the figs and the fruit before they were ripe (Jenny gave the fruit to hospitals). They robbed the wishing well. They stole one of the Pekingese and one of the peacocks. They broke the teacups in the log teahouse. When they carved their initials on the trees Bob Butchart designated a silver poplar as official

carving tree for self-protection.

One day a group of tourists walked uninvited into Benvenuto, sat down at a table in the sunroom and demanded tea from a white-jacketed Chinese houseboy. Accustomed to such emergencies he accorded them all the courtesies. Jenny saw what had happened, walked over and asked the tourists if she could join them. "No thanks," one of them replied, "there are other tables vacant."

On another occasion, when an American tourist tumbled into one of the garden's pools, Jenny had the

unfortunate woman brought into the house, loaned her dry clothes, sent her chauffeur into Victoria with the wet ones to be dry-cleaned, and later had them delivered at the woman's hotel. When the tourist returned to her home in the United States she sued Mrs. Butchart for damages.

But Jenny Butchart refused to be soured. She reacted by stocking the seed house with gaily colored umbrellas so future visitors would stay dry, as far as the elements were concerned at any rate.

More often, the hospitality was

THE BRIGHT WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY . . .



AT HOME

"Safety First is a rule in our home! From basement to attic, wherever light is needed—we use an "Eveready" flashlight for safety and convenience."



AT WORK

"In my job, I can't afford to be without an "Eveready" flashlight. I keep mine in the glove compartment of my ambulance. And of course I use "Eveready" "Nine Lives" Batteries—they last longer!"



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"For camping trips and other outdoor fun, my "Eveready" flashlight is the best protection against the unseen dangers in darkness. Powerful "Eveready" "Nine Lives" Batteries light the way to safety."

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"NINE LIVES"

FLASHLIGHT
BATTERIES

repaid in kind. After the King of Siam had visited the garden, he invited the Butcharts to visit his palace in Bangkok. The following year Bob and Jenny were in Siam. They spent twelve days as the King's guests.

With them was a man who found the Butcharts as amazing as anything in Siam. He was a doctor from Portland, Oregon, who had successfully performed a major operation on Bob Butchart. He had less success in collecting his bill. There was good reason: the bill came to twenty-five thousand dollars. Bob Butchart balked, offered

half the amount and a trip around the world with the family. He accepted.

No less amazed was Captain Bailey, an English explorer who, once visited the quarry garden. "I know one flower you haven't got," he told Mrs. Butchart as she was showing off the five thousand varieties in her garden, "the blue poppy of Tibet."

Jenny slyly led him to a bed of blue poppies. "Why it's impossible," the Englishman exclaimed, "I just discovered them myself in Tibet."

He was right too. He had sent one flower from Tibet to London's Kew

Gardens, where it was named after him. The flowers in Jenny Butchart's garden had come from its seeds.

Most of the garden fixtures were acquired in Europe or the Orient during the Butcharts' tours. Urns from France, statues from Italy, pagodas from China came to the quarry from the world's bazaars. In the early Thirties the Butcharts returned from a bus tour of France with the most unusual trophy of all, a White Russian prince for a son-in-law.

Their recently widowed daughter, Mrs. Jenny MacLaughlin Ross, had

accompanied her parents on the tour and met Prince Chirinsky-Chikhmatoff in Paris. He was tall, handsome, spoke several languages, and his father had been an aide to the Czar. He saw a lot of the Butcharts during the tour; he was the driver of their car.

At Benvenuto the prince haunted the kitchen, showed the cooks how to make borsch, played cribbage and talked over the fine points of the sight-seeing business with the guides. The marriage broke up after a year. But the second Jenny, now sixty-four, is still addressed as Princess, even by her son, Ian Ross, who now manages the gardens.

The city of Victoria, during this period, had not taken the Butcharts for granted. In 1928 Robert Butchart had been made a freeman of the city. In 1931 Mrs. Butchart was named the city's best citizen.

In life, they had been surrounded by flowers. But when death came to Robert Butchart in 1943, and to Jenny Butchart in 1950, there was not a single spray of flowers in the chapels. And the earth they had made so fair did not claim them. Their bodies were cremated and the ashes scattered on the waters of Tod Inlet.

The war brought hard times to the gardens. Grandson Ross, to whom Jenny Butchart had transferred ownership of the gardens in 1938, was away in the navy. A proposal to put the gardens under public administration until he returned was turned down by the municipalities. The gates were closed for the first time. The deer came back and ate the spring tulips, the pheasants ate the bulbs and the waxwings ate the berries.

With war's end Ross returned and a new era began for the gardens, although many of the old faces remained. Veteran head gardener William (Bob) Ballantyne, from Scotland's Cheviot Hills, had stayed on through the war. Stan and Alf Shiner, whose father had come to the gardens in 1918, carried on.

Most of the Chinese gardeners have gone back to China or started hand laundries in town. Bob Butchart's pipe organ peals in a Vancouver Church, without its bagpipe attachment. The birdcages at Benvenuto are empty and vines have sealed the doors and the Sicilian cart is stored in the vaultlike basement under the house.

An era of roto-tillers and gas-powered hedge clippers and pressurized insect sprayers has come to the gardens. Thirty-six-year-old Ross commutes between Victoria and the gardens in one of his brace of Kaisers, tries hard to remember the names of all the flowers, charges seventy-five cents admission for adults, twenty-five cents for children, oversees a summertime staff of forty gardeners and inside help, stockpiles turf in the greenhouse to replace that worn bare as the world continues to beat a path to Jenny Butchart's garden. He underwrites the gardens' losses but hopes to make money soon.

The estate, registered as a one-man partnership and officially called The Butchart Gardens, has grown to a hundred and twenty-five acres from its original twenty-five, and the two-acre seed garden Jenny Butchart started on the urging of friends, proceeds going to charity, has expanded to four. And where Bob Butchart played the organ and Jenny watched from the window there is now a tearoom—crumpets and marmalade, twenty-five cents.

But keep-off-the-grass signs are still taboo.

The one sign saying "private" still remains in the flagstone at the gate entering into Jenny Butchart's private retreat. Bob Ballantyne, a sentimental man, is keeping that plot private for reasons of his own. ★

For autumn... and forever

Love knows no season... nor a more precious gift than a Birks Diamond. Through the years, its enshrined beauty, life and fire will remain her most treasured possession. See our autumn selection... soon!

Rings mounted in a combination of 14 kt. natural and 18 kt. white gold, or in 18 kt. white gold. Sketches enlarged to show detail of design.

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BUDGET TERMS AVAILABLE

HALIFAX • SAINT JOHN • QUEBEC • MONTREAL • OTTAWA • SUDBURY • TORONTO • HAMILTON • LONDON
ST. CATHARINES • WINDSOR • WINNIPEG • REGINA • SASKATOON • EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

You Just Tear Off That Box Top

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

your product to get a full set of silverware for my daughter's hope chest that we had to find other uses for it than eating. You will be interested to know that when cooked stiff your porridge makes an excellent filler for cracks in the floor."

An Ontario farmer whose wife overstocked on cleansing powder to bedeck herself with costume jewelry later gave this testimonial: "I finally started feeding the suds to the hogs, and am delighted to say it keeps them free of worms."

Although manufacturers who make premium offers keep close tabs on public reaction to each deal the premiums are usually handled by a company which specializes in processing mass orders. Shane Alexander's letter in quest of a Magni-Glo ring went nowhere near the Super Puff't popcorn factory. Instead, it joined eight thousand other letters delivered every working day to the Premiumwares Company, which occupies two floors of an elderly building on the edge of downtown Toronto. There, two young partners, Harry Verner and Gus Weinstein, aided by a staff of seventy, engage in a frenzied struggle to keep up with Canadians busily occupied in stuffing boxtops and money into envelopes.

Processed in an assembly line manned by nimble-fingered women, the orders are converted before day's end into a ton or more of mailing packages containing pots and pans, scissors, gift-wrap paper, silverware, postage stamps, plastic beverage sets and, of course, atomic-age toys and juvenile space weapons. The average Canadian family succumbs to at least one such "super bargain offer" a year—and it's Mom who sends in the boxtop twice as often as all the other members of the family combined.

Verner and Weinstein have no monopoly in the handling of premium deals. But as pioneers of premiums as a big-time operation in Canada they have the lion's share of the business. Last year they handled premiums worth more than a million dollars and this year are running far ahead of that figure. Their nearest competitor, Premium Post Ltd., of Toronto, got into the premium business less than a year ago. In the first half of this year Premium Post has topped half a million dollars.

When Verner and Weinstein visited the United States to find out, as Verner put it, "how premiums were handled by experts," they discovered that their young Canadian enterprise was already offering a more complete service than was available south of the border. They promptly capitalized on this by organizing a New York City subsidiary, Premiumwares Incorporated. The offspring was a success from opening day, and this year will probably pass its Canadian parent in volume.

The partnership of Verner and Weinstein started with a chance encounter on Bay Street in Toronto, in May 1945. They had known each other casually at the University of Toronto where Weinstein graduated in law and Verner in commerce and finance. Weinstein, round-faced and cheerful, grinned at the strange object which Verner, a dark brooding young man then in his late twenties, was carrying under his arm. It was a large knobby toy, a team of horses hand-carved out of wood.

Verner explained that after three

years in the army he was looking for an interesting business. He had visited a patent attorney in search of ideas. "He hands me this thing and tells me 'how about the toy business—an old gentleman carved this and is looking for a market.'"

"Do you want a partner in the toy business?" asked Weinstein.

"But I'm not in the toy business," Verner insisted, "and anyway, aren't you practicing law?"

Weinstein shook his head. After practicing law for five years he had finally talked his way past the army

medical board, wound up his affairs and got into uniform. Three days later the army medicos had changed their minds and Weinstein was "boarded out."

"I just can't bring myself to go back to my associates and clients and say, well, here I am again—let's take up where we left off three days ago."

When Verner and Weinstein turned to walk up Bay Street they were in the toy business—with a joint capital of a thousand dollars. Metal toys had disappeared during the war and the partners figured that the first toy-makers to bring them back would

reap a harvest. For the first Canadian Toy Fair in 1946 they hand-assembled a line of metal toys.

What happened at the fair was a toy-maker's dream. The booth of their Wonder-Bilt Products company was besieged by the big buyers—from Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, Macy's, as well as Canadian department stores. When Verner and Weinstein added up the orders they came to just one million dollars.

They started to look for metal to get their million-dollar production line rolling. "There just wasn't any,"

everything's new about the Yardley Lavender Purse stick



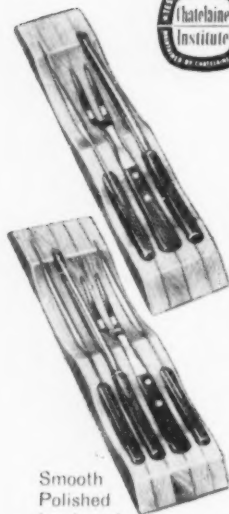
Lavender is the perfect fragrance for solid form. It's deliciously feminine . . . keeps its full strength till the last ice-green stroke. The new "swivel case" lets you use Yardley Lavender Purse Stick as easily as lipstick! Just \$1.50.

YARDLEY

OF LONDON

Now
we have
the Edge
on the
men"

Thanks to EKCO Flint razor sharp knives of finest Sheffield stainless steel, you get years and years of effortless cutting, peeling and slicing . . . Each strong keen blade is specially shaped for a specific job—and now with beautiful comfort-grip rosewood handles your cutlery is a joy to behold . . . and hold.



Smooth Polished hardwood block holder sets for table use, in varying sizes and pieces.

MADE AND
GIFT-BOXED BY



at all hardware,
department, gift and
appliance stores
coast to coast.



GREATEST
NAME
IN
HOUSEWARES

EKCO PRODUCTS CO. (Canada) LTD., TORONTO 13, ONTARIO

FLINT FLINT
CUTLERY

is hollow ground
like a straight
razor...

and NOW comfortable
to grip with newly designed
beautiful Rosewood handles
and nickel silver rivets!



Verner recalls sadly. "That year we scraped up enough material to turn out a few thousand dollars' worth of toys."

By the fall of 1947 Wonder-Bilt was barely limping along and it was all the partners could do to finance a small booth at that year's Canadian National Exhibition. It is true neither of them was in actual danger of going hungry. Verner's family owns a partnership in the northern Ontario department-store chain of Bucovetsky's Limited, and Weinstein Sr. is head of the Power Stores, a Toronto chain of supermarkets. But they wanted to make good on their own and in a final effort they worked in their booth at the CNE from opening till closing, buttonholing potential buyers of the toys and the small line of housewares they had added to their output. Among the latter was a novel egg beater, a gadget which spun when a spiral rod was pushed up and down in a bowl.

Business was slow, and on the last day of the exhibition Verner and Weinstein were pretty discouraged. Then a man stopped at their booth, fiddled with the egg beater and mused in a barely audible voice: "Hmmm, might make a good premium." And he placed an order.

"I don't think either of us had ever heard the word 'premium' before," Weinstein says now, "but it had a nice sound. Especially since that customer, who happened to be a buyer for Procter and Gamble, ordered more egg beaters than the total we had sold up to then. So we were in the premium business as of that day." In the spring of 1949 they bade farewell to the toy business and Premiumwares was born.

It wasn't easy at first to find big companies willing to try the premium idea. A few companies had experimented with them as a means of introducing new products or to help maintain sales during slack periods, but most of them were reluctant to get into premiums too deeply.

What really put the premium business into high gear was the development of the self-liquidator, a device which makes it possible for the manufacturer to offer retail purchasers of his product the added inducement of being able to buy an article at one third to one half its claimed retail value. Until then most companies had regarded premiums as "give-aways," small enough and cheap enough to pack in the box along with their product—but at an added cost of anywhere from half a cent to four cents.

What finally opened the eyes of sceptical executives to the potential of premiums was a deal handled by Premiumwares which brought in well over a hundred thousand orders for a ring that launched a miniature jet plane by means of a spring. This self-liquidating premium sold for twenty cents and a cereal boxtop—but it also showed that premiums were effective, if not dignified. Since then success has lent premiums all the dignity they need.

Premiums which sell for half their over-the-counter price and yet pay their way are possible because the economics of premiums are based on large quantities and strategic timing. "Look at it this way," says Weinstein. "We go to a manufacturer of Christmas wrapping paper and say, 'How would you like to run us off a million sheets in your slack season?' Naturally he's interested in keeping his presses rolling and his employees busy at a time when usually the only activity around his Christmas paper division is the overhead piling up. So he's willing to work at a minimum profit.

"We eliminate fancy packaging and all the markups from wholesaler to the store counter, and that actually

means we can supply merchandise at a genuine reduction of up to two thirds, sometimes more. Here's an actual case, showing how we were able to sell half a million copies of an encyclopedia at ninety-five cents each. The same encyclopedia had been selling door to door in the United States at fifty-five dollars for a set of sixteen volumes, or about three dollars and forty cents per volume. How did we do it? Well, we started with the publisher. We interested him in running off a half million copies after all his regular editions had been completed, so that he could forget about overhead. What's more, we settled for a less expensive binding and a lighter paper. By distributing the encyclopedia directly off the shelves of Dominion Stores in Ontario and the Maritimes and Steinberg's grocery chain in Montreal, cash and carry, we eliminated a whole train of additional costs: the wholesaler's thirty-three-and-one-third percent of the publisher's original higher price, the salesman's twenty-five percent, the financing."

The premium price structure is also greatly aided by the fact that advertising campaigns invariably accompany the launching of a premium deal, making possible the high buyer interest

SUMMER SUMMARY

Spading, sowing
Raking, mowing,
Weeding, hoeing,
Blisters growing . . .

Shrubs prepaying,
Bugs dismaying,
Pruning, spraying,
Rain inveigling.

All in all:
Welcome, Fall.

HELEN GORN SUTIN

necessary for a sales volume of one hundred thousand or more—but advertising costs are not charged against the premiums.

"They don't have to be," an advertising agency executive points out, "because the space in an advertisement devoted to the premium offer more than carries its weight. We had a good example of this recently when two soup-mix companies took similar space in national publications. One ad featured just soup; the other featured a premium, a set of plastic relish dishes. Later a survey showed that the advertisement offering the premium had attracted four times more readers."

A premium deal advertised over the radio—soap operas are a popular medium for plugging both product and premium—usually lasts two to three weeks. Advertised in more durable publications the offer may run up to six weeks, but in actual practice most offers remain open indefinitely. When coupons are printed in advertisements orders may straggle in for years. This is known politely as the "outdoor library trade."

Regardless of response, the biggest single beneficiary of any premium deal is the federal post office, which Weinstein calls "our senior partner." Last year Premiumwares alone spent one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for postage, and postage on orders from

Continued on page 42



"Heirlooms" *that money can't buy*

Yes, among the "heirlooms" grandmother passes to her family are many which have no tangible value and yet are her children's most prized heritage.

Such "heirlooms" are the affection and care she lavished on her family in their youth and maturity; such enduring "possessions" are the fine traditions of faith, character and loyalty which she passed on to her children and which in turn will benefit generations to come.

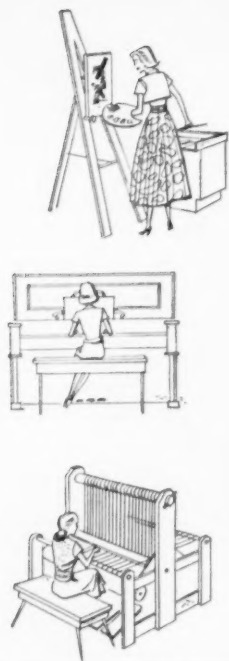
Weston's take this way of honoring Canada's grandmothers who for years have honored Weston's by their purchases of Bread, Biscuits, Cakes and Candies. The quality of these Food Products, which has made them family favorites for generations, will continue to justify this preference now and for years to come.

Always buy the best—buy Weston's.



GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA

M2-2



the girls don't agree on hobbies..

but they do agree on

Underwood

STANDARD, ALL ELECTRIC, AND PORTABLE MODELS

... because only the Underwood Typewriter offers such quiet, smooth, almost effortless action... it's the only typewriter with "See-Set" scales for quick, easy centering of letters... the typewriter with rhythm shift for easier, faster, more accurate shifting for capitals and numerals. Remember, too— "More Qualified Typists are Trained on Underwood Typewriters than on any other make."



Phone your nearest Underwood office for a convincing demonstration in *your* office... soon!

Underwood Limited

Head Office 135 Victoria Street, Toronto
Branches in all Principal Canadian Cities

premium customers brought the total to a quarter of a million dollars. Postage due on short-stamped incoming mail came to six thousand dollars.

Radio listeners who identify the program too closely with the product add to the woes of sponsors. Not long ago the hero of a popular soap opera got into a bad fix. The villain contrived to lure him into an underground room and lock him in. One woman wrote in bitter protest: "I had my seventy-five cents all ready to send in for the locket you are offering, but I'm not going to mail it until you get Desmond Darling out of that horrid room he's locked in. And I'm not going to buy any more of your soap, either."

The soap manufacturer passed the protest on to his advertising agency, who checked the serial's future episodes and discovered that Desmond would escape a week later. The agency wrote the listener promising to take steps on behalf of Desmond. "That woman," said an agency man, "is probably still boasting that she sprung Desmond single-handed."

The premium with the poorest response to date has been, strangely enough, a commodity usually quite popular—cash money. To get more women to try his product a soap manufacturer offered to refund the full price to every buyer who sent in a boxtop as proof of purchase. When company officials got reports of soaring sales they braced themselves for a heavy payoff. Soon the first boxtops started to trickle in. But trickle was all they ever did. A good premium draws a response from twenty-five percent of purchasers, but fewer than five percent who bought that money-back soap product got around to asking for a refund. Yet sales figures showed that tens of thousands of boxes had been bought as a result of the offer.

Harry Verner is unable to understand the psychology of this indifference to cash—even when it happens in his own home. "I noticed that my wife had bought a box of the stuff," he recalls, "and I told her to be sure to get her money back."

"Of course," answered Mrs. Verner, "that's why I got it." And she tore the boxtop off then and there to show she was in earnest.

"But two weeks later," Verner says, "I noticed that the boxtop was still on the kitchen window sill. It just goes to show that premiums are more valued than money itself."

Canadians vary in their enthusiasm toward premiums, depending on what part of the country they live in. A sales executive of a large Toronto packing plant which produces both foods and soaps reveals that Quebec residents are by far the most enthusiastic premium buyers. "Especially," he adds, "if the price is about one third of usual retail cost and the article is really useful around the house. Maritimers come next. I guess the French and the Scots both have a thrifty outlook. The west is nearly as good as the Maritimes, and better if the deal includes a contest or some competitive angle like finishing a sentence in twenty-five words or less. Seems that the pioneer take-a-chance spirit is still alive in the west. That leaves Ontario and—let's face it—Ontario comes last in per capita response to premiums. I figure that's because Ontario people are more sophisticated, or think they are. They tend to be more cynical about bargains and take a what's-the-catch? attitude."

Surveys have shown that economic status has little effect on eagerness to buy premiums. Rich, poor and middle-income families account for almost exactly the same volume of premium responses in proportion to their num-

bers. And there is no noticeable difference in the premium volume in rural areas, towns and cities. Occupation can be a factor, though. Not long ago an evaporated-milk company offered a butcher knife as a premium. A southern Albertan wrote a pleading letter: "I sure admire that knife and would like to get one. But can't I send in anything but the label from a can of milk? I've got eighteen cows giving so much milk that I can't get rid of all of it."

The biggest potential disaster in premium dealing is getting stuck with a warehouse full of some gadget the fickle public might decide it didn't like, even at half price. Elaborate precautions are taken to guard against such an occurrence. Typical procedure in one large cereal company is this:

When it has been decided to launch a new premium deal, word is spread throughout the trade and a collection is made of fifty or sixty possibilities for the premium. Advertising agency personnel do the first culling, reducing the number of potential premiums to twenty or so. Then a solemn conference of advertising executives and company officials is held around a board table on which lie the premiums. After spirited analysis of the merits and demerits of each, a vote is taken and the six or eight highest-scoring premiums pass on to the next ordeal.

Samples of these premiums are distributed by a survey company to dozens of cities, towns and villages from coast to coast, where operatives poll up to two thousand "average citizens" on their preferences. The most popular sample becomes the premium which is finally offered to the public.

An exception to this method is the handling of ultra-modern juvenile weapons, which are guarded in all stages of development with as much secrecy and caution as real secret weapons. Dick Harcourt of Premium Post recently got the idea for a toy gun which will soon be featured in a cereal premium deal. His first step was to take his idea to Paul Kemp, a London, Ont., plastics manufacturer who turns out a large variety of articles for the Canadian premium market. Kemp called in an industrial artist who, having been sworn to secrecy, made sketches of Harcourt's ideas. Individual parts of the secret weapon were then distributed among pattern makers, and the various pieces were locked in a safe every night during the construction of the master pattern. It took three months to bring the gun to completion but Harcourt isn't breathing freely yet, lest a rival get wind of the idea and spoil his "scoop." "All I can say about the gun," says Harcourt, "is that it makes its own harmless ammunition and fires it eighty feet with a loud bang."

Juvenile premium customers are at least twice as hard to please as adults and insist on hairbreadth accuracy and realism in their toys. The premium industry must watch the trend of juvenile interests closely or run the danger of being hopelessly out of date. Comic books, radio and television influence children's demands, and even in its short existence the premium business has noted—and followed—a trend away from cowboy trappings toward inter-stellar equipment.

Headache number two from the premium dealers' viewpoint is the tendency of client companies to underestimate demand for a premium, an understandable caution since the company is responsible for unsold premiums once they are ordered. Not long ago Verner and Weinstein tested a premium offer of three German-made scissors for a

Continued on page 45

**TO
THOSE
WHO WANT
TO GET AHEAD:
A Statement by
CANADA'S FIRST
BANK...**

It's good to go into debt

...TO YOURSELF

It's the streamlined way to make financial progress. Some of our most successful customers use this system.

It means putting yourself on your own pay-roll... making up your mind that you yourself have a claim on your income just as much as the landlord, the butcher and the tax-collector.

You'll do this, of course, because you have a definite objective — a strong reason for saving. It may be a general goal like family security... or it may be something specific like a new refrigerator, a house, or even a place in the country.



You can go into debt to yourself in two ways — by saving and by borrowing.

Saving comes first, of course... so much a pay-day *owing to yourself*.

A bank balance gives you personal confidence as few other things can. It gives you a good foundation for your financial plans... and it makes it easier for your B of M manager to lend you money when you want to realize an objective sooner than you otherwise could.

When you have a sound financial program, but need money for some useful purpose, borrowing at the B of M is just as sound as

systematic saving. Indeed, it is another form of saving. It is the B of M's business to lend you money, when it's good business for you to borrow.

A B of M Personal Loan simply enables you to enjoy sooner the things you plan for, and you pay it off in regular instalments just as you have built up your savings balance.

Why not make up your mind to get what you want this streamlined way — and open your special-purpose savings account at "MY BANK" tomorrow. And while you're in the Bank, have a chat with the Manager or Accountant. You will find them ready and interested to discuss your plans and problems.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Hearty, flavorsome

Fondues

make imaginative and tempting main dishes

An imaginative way with a fondue is one of the marks of a knowing cook. She realizes that in *bread*, which is an important part of this sort of dish, she has a high-efficiency low-cost ingredient and a perfect foil for the specialties which give the individual character to any dish.

So—here we give you two delicious fondues, each one packed with flavor, food value and interest! They both have much of the lightness we associate with a soufflé, but the bread (just enough to do the trick) adds delicate body to the mixture.

These particular fondues are main course dishes—practical but with just the touch of novelty you will enjoy. Crusty rolls or French bread (heated, for extra goodness!) would add just the right crunchiness and flavor, along with a crisp salad or hot green and yellow vegetables.

TOMATO-CHEESE FONDUE

The rich golden color says, "Try this—it's good!" And so it is, with delicate flavor of tomato and clear fine flavor of cheese. Maybe you'd like a little crisp bacon, as a zestful garnish.



- 5 slices white bread, cut 1/2-inch thick
- Soft butter or margarine
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Few grains cayenne
- 1/4 teaspoon granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3/4 cup tomato juice
- 1 cup lightly-packed shredded old cheese

Grease a baking dish (4-cup size). Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Trim crusts from bread slices; spread slices with soft butter or margarine and cut into cubes. Beat eggs slightly; stir in salt, cayenne, sugar, onion, milk, tomato juice, cheese and bread cubes. Turn into prepared baking dish. Bake in preheated oven until set—about 45 minutes. Serve immediately. Yield—4 or 5 servings.

MUSHROOM-BACON FONDUE

Of course mushrooms and bacon are perfect together — note the budget

strategy of using soup for a good deal of the mushroom flavor.



- 3 slices side bacon
- 1/4 cup finely-chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped fresh or canned mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup coarse soft white bread crumbs
- 3 eggs
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 can (10 ounces) condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 3/4 cup milk

Grease a baking dish (4-cup size). Preheat

oven to 350° (moderate). Cut bacon into small pieces and pan-fry until crisp; lift from fat. Add onion and mushrooms to bacon fat and fry gently until tender; lift from fat. Melt the butter or margarine; add crumbs and toss to combine; mix in cooked bacon, mushrooms and onion. Beat eggs slightly; stir in cayenne and mushroom soup; gradually blend in milk; add bread mixture and combine lightly. Turn into prepared baking dish. Bake in preheated oven until set—about 45 minutes. Serve immediately. Yield—4 or 5 servings.

TO MAKE YOUR MENUS SPARKLE

get treats like these from your Baker!



A bouquet from the garden . . . something "nicer-than-nice" from the baker — how quickly you can put glamor on the table! For your baker has delightful treats in *variety* . . . like munchy English Jelly Doughnuts . . . mouth-watering Danish Pastry . . . sumptuous Coffee Cake . . . luscious Fruit-filled Buns. Yes, it's *variety* that makes a menu — so let your baker be your menu-maker!



Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to national welfare through
increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!

dollar. The survey response was fairly good, so a moderately large order was placed and the advertising campaign launched. Then two reports came in on the same day: The mail room reported an unprecedented flood of orders and a cable from Germany stated, "Steel supplies tightened, can ship only half your order."

Weinstein got on a trans-Atlantic plane that night—no unusual occurrence, since the partners travel seventy-five thousand miles a year, scouting the world for new premium ideas. "I sat on that German scissors-maker's doorstep for a month," Weinstein recalls, "urging him to make more and more scissors. And when I wasn't doing that I was rounding up other manufacturers and trying to make them understand why Canada suddenly wanted tens of thousands of pairs of scissors in a hurry."

After four years in the premium business, Verner and Weinstein have learned something about premiums—and rather more about people. "We've learned," said Weinstein, "that a good premium is something that a lot of people like for reasons we haven't figured out in all cases. If we didn't pre-test premiums before offering them, we might have gone broke long ago. The only limitations we put on types of premiums are that they must be light enough to mail economically, to avoid ruining our tight price structure. And they must be unbreakable, or nearly so. That's why plastics and the premium business go so well together, and why glassware and china are of no use for premiums that have to be mailed."

Verner and Weinstein are convinced that people who buy premiums are (a) the most patient, and (b) the most impatient in the world. Both types provide headaches for the partners.

"A kid tagging along with his mother in a grocery store sees the picture of a rocket-launching ring on a cereal box, talks mom into buying the cereal, and can hardly wait to get home, tear off the boxtop, dig a quarter from his piggy bank and get it into the mail," Verner explains. "This kid, mind you, lives in Vancouver. But if the postman doesn't deliver his premium first thing next day, the kid figures he's been stung and writes us a letter of complaint which becomes a small monkey wrench in our machinery. That goes for a surprising number of grown-ups, too. They just have no idea of the time it takes a letter to travel halfway across the continent, and for their order to travel back."

On the other hand, Canadians with

an apparently inexhaustible store of patience create another problem: The partners have a thick file of orders they can't fill because people have forgotten to send in their addresses.

Some time ago postal inspectors found that a post-office employee had been systematically smuggling out thirty or forty letters a day, extracting the money and destroying the letters. He admitted stealing between eight hundred and nine hundred letters addressed to Premium-ware. But since then only fifty persons have written to ask why they have not received their premiums. The rest, presumably, are waiting patiently. And the partners are waiting impatiently to hear from them.

But the "customer" who arouses the ire of the entire premium industry is the dishonest person who tries to get a premium without boxtop or money. Not only does this miserable wretch thereby cast reflection on the superlativeness of the bargain, but—unforgivably—he or she avoids buying the product. Recently a filing clerk in the premium department of a large Ontario cereal company brought her boss five letters from the same woman, a resident of a nearby small town. The letters were identically worded: she had not received the premium for which she had sent. In each case, because of the possibility of loss of the original order, the premium had been sent on receipt of the complaint. But the chance discovery of five letters concerning as many different premiums suggested the coincidence was too great. Sure enough, investigation showed that the woman made a hobby of collecting premiums without paying for them or buying the product.

She had discovered this interesting possibility quite innocently. She had actually sent for a premium, enclosing money and boxtop. Or thought she had. When she failed to receive it she had complained and promptly got the premium, along with a note of apology. Then she found she had forgotten to mail the original order. "How long has this been going on?" she asked herself, and launched a career of petty fraud.

Dishonest customers add up to only an infinitesimal fraction of premium buyers, however, and sooner or later they give themselves away.

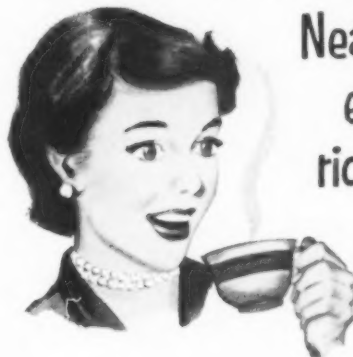
"Fortunately," says Verner, "there are enough people who appreciate a bargain to offset all the headaches of the premium business. What if we do put in a seventy-two hour week? It's more fun handling premium deals than working for a living." ★



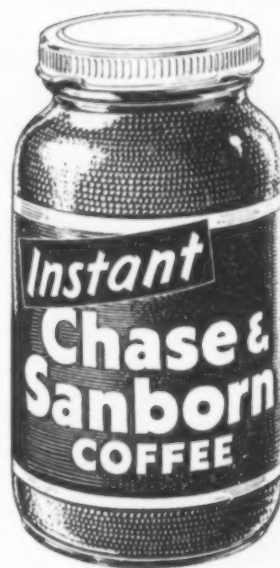
MACLEAN'S

"Could you play something less romantic? We are quarreling."

Find out the *Difference* in Instant Coffees!

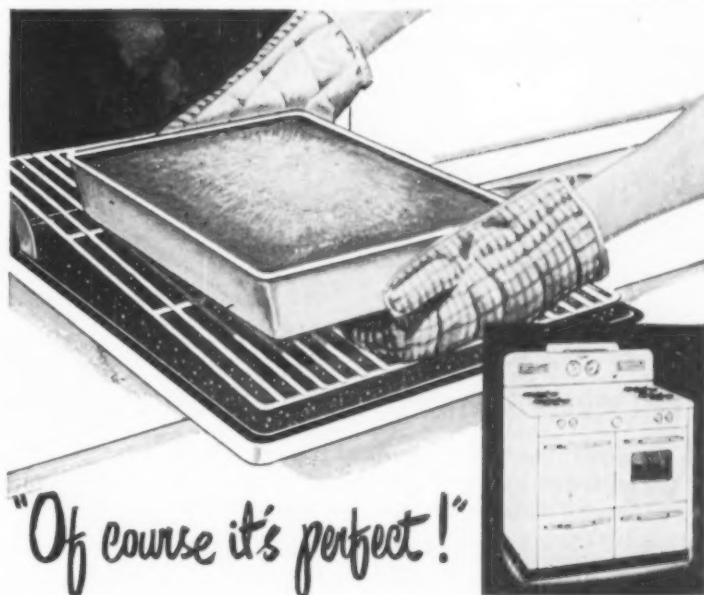


Nearly 100 years' coffee experience brings richer fuller flavor



• You taste it right in your cup! That enjoyable difference . . . that sure, decisive, true-coffee goodness . . . the result of nearly 100 years' experience blending fine coffees!

Look for that famous name Chase & Sanborn when you buy Instant Coffee. Make exciting savings, too . . . up to 40¢ lb. over regular coffee! For extra economy, buy the 8-oz. family size jar.



"Of course it's perfect!"



I never have a failure with my 1952 Gurney. Everything about it has been designed for me—and its wonderful features make cooking and baking so much easier and the results so much surer.

See the 1952 Gurney ranges at your dealer's right now . . . They're all "kitchen-tested" for perfect performance.

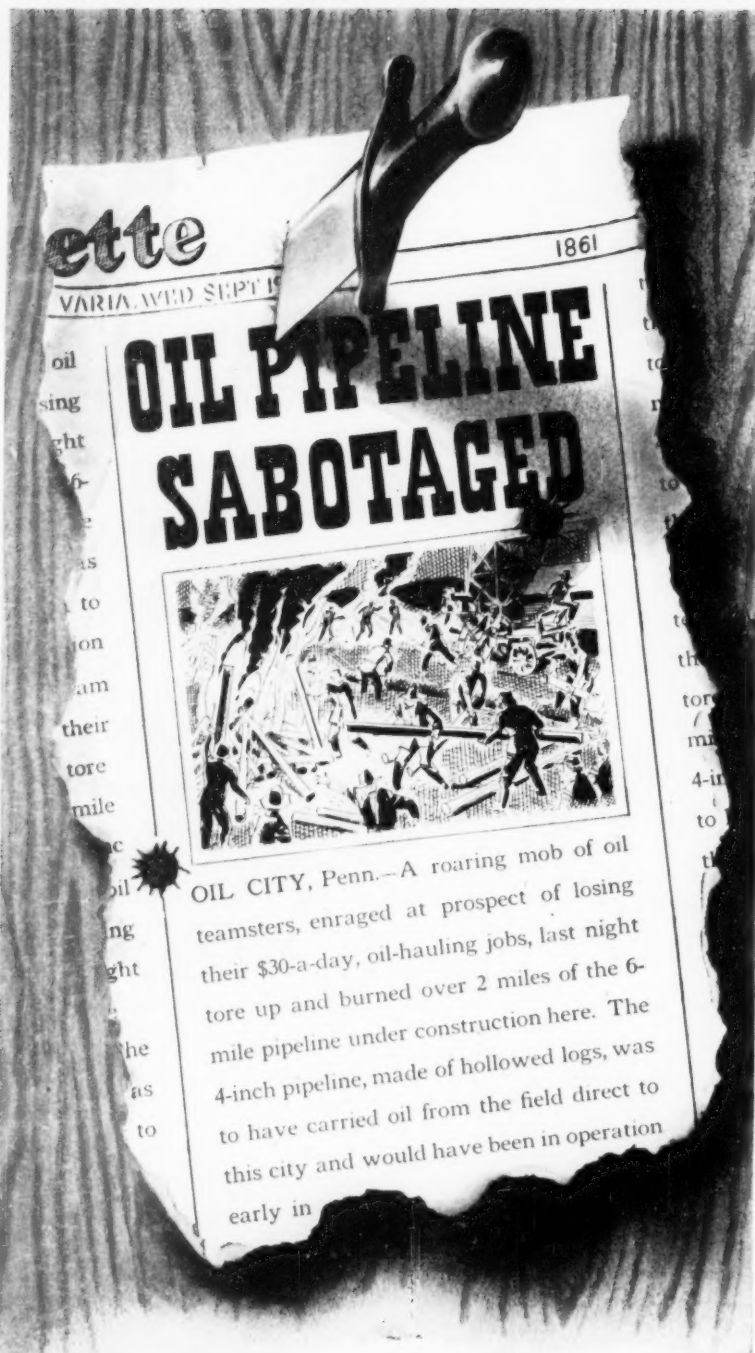
Gurney

Built to C.P. Standards



GURNEY PRODUCTS LIMITED

Gurney manufacture electric, gas (natural, bottled or manufactured), solid fuel (coal or wood), and combination ranges, and oil space heaters.



But where there's progress there must be pipe

Today, the North American continent has a network of pipelines approaching half a million miles. Canada's longest (to date) stretches for 1156 miles, delivering over 10,000 barrels of oil daily.

Steel pipe for oil, gas and water lines is made in Canada by Page-Hersey, using the most advanced pipe manufacturing technique known, the Electric Resistance Weld process. In a unique finishing operation, this pipe is "cold expanded", giving it greater strength per wall thickness than any other process known.

PAGE-HERSEY TUBES, LIMITED

100 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO • LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL PIPE IN CANADA

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

our balance of trade with France depends much upon the importation of her wines.

The London crowds love it and line up to look at the debutantes who are waiting for the moment when the hired cars will take them through the palace gates. Is it essential to Britain's survival? No. Is it logical? No. But as I have written over and over again in these letters the British are supreme masters of pageantry and the Palace is one of its temples.

Would Mrs. White, MP, scold the girls in her constituency if they rushed hysterically to catch a glimpse of a Hollywood star about to marry for the fourth time? Does she object to the classic four-legged fillies, beautifully bred as they are, lining up for the Oaks, which is the female equivalent of the Derby?

Oliver Cromwell gave England the heavy colorless discipline of Puritanism, and the people could hardly wait for the return of Charles II. In the debate in the Commons Mr. Attlee declared that royalty brought color and romance into the drab lives that people are forced to live. His former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Gaitskell, spoke in the same terms.

But the extreme left of their party were not content merely with shooting pigeons—if I may refer so disrespectfully to this year's crop of debutantes. They wanted to know why the Queen needed so many palaces.

Ralph Assheton from our side quoted the words of Queen Elizabeth I of England (not of Scotland!) who said at the end of a long reign: "To be a king and wear a crown is more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasure for them that bear it." But that could not stop those two doughty Scottish socialists, Emrys Hughes (who married Keir Hardie's daughter) and his pal, J. Carmichael, from the Clydeside.

They told about Holyrood Castle in Edinburgh, a castle maintained for such times as the Queen could go into residence for a short period. "One of the great problems in Edinburgh," they declared, "is lack of housing. That palace is empty for the greater part of the year, but it would be a nice place for decanting people from the slums. I say, therefore, that it is not unsound to use a palace which is empty during the greater part of the year to house the people so that building can take place in the evacuated areas."

Here again we have argument with all its force and its limitation. Our young Queen Elizabeth is the sovereign of Scotland as she is of the rest of the United Kingdom. When she visits her faithful subjects north of the border is she to have no royal dwelling? I imagine that she would much rather have a suite at a hotel or go to stay with her Scottish relatives but what would the Scots say? The heat of their anger would almost burn the paper on which I write.

Carried to its ultimate conclusion, why should that grim old relic, Edinburgh Castle, be maintained as part of Scotland's great and bloody history? For that matter why not turn the churches into lodgings and let the people worship in a vast shed? Away with all pomp and pageantry and let us create the new pre-fab state!

After all the premier of Ontario (Canada's richest province) did away with the lieutenant-governor's residence in Toronto about twenty years ago. What's good enough for Ontario ought to be good enough for Scotland.

The main body of the socialists in the

House of Commons listened to their extremists but were not impressed. Responsibility had tempered their fiery spirits. Parliament itself had taught them that tolerance is the road that leads to understanding.

Like ourselves they see the Queen not only as the monarch but the first servant of the state as well as the Commonwealth and Empire. Once she has assumed the crown she parts with the liberty enjoyed by her humblest subjects. Her hours are planned with a merciless severity. She goes from palace to palace because of their territorial background, and all the time she is pursued by state documents, by ministers who consult her, by important visitors from abroad who must be received. She is a daughter, a mother, a wife and a sister but she is also a Queen who, in her person and title, enshrines the ageless story of her people. Are there women who envy her? Let the great Elizabeth of the sixteenth century answer in her words: "I am a woman but first I am a Queen."

* * *

So the debate wound to its end. I must confess that I found it a little strange to be deciding what allowance should be paid to the widow of the Duke of Cornwall, who is at present three years of age, but Parliament in its wisdom decided that it is better to legislate for the future than throw royalty too often into the cauldron of controversy. So if there is any one-year-old girl baby who has her eye on the heir to the throne I can assure her that she will not go hungry if she attains widowhood.

It was left to Rab Butler, in a speech of charm, dignity and humor, to bring the discussion to an end. Looking at Emrys Hughes he said: "You suggested that Buckingham Palace should be turned into flats. That idea would not be acceptable to a great majority of the citizens of London, to the great majority of the people of this country, and particularly to the great majority of people in the Commonwealth and overseas countries."

But the son-in-law of Keir Hardie was determined to go down fighting.

"Do you not think that it might appeal to newly married couples?" he demanded.

Butler looked at him and then smiled. "I am not sure that Buckingham Palace would be quite as comfortable as one of the new houses which this Government is building." It was beautifully done, and the whole House roared with laughter. No one in Parliament can demolish an opponent so painlessly as the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Then in these terms he moved the amendment to the motion before the House:

"That whereas the liberties of the people and the integrity of the Empire are deeply rooted in the constitutional monarchy, and whereas the ancient usages, ceremonies and traditions centring upon the crown have become, even more than in former times, a bulwark against dictatorship, and the symbol of the union of all members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, we hereby affirm that we do not desire any changes in the style and establishment of the Sovereign and her family, other than those which Her Majesty may herself see fit to make from time to time."

It was a pity that there were no trumpets to be sounded, for we could feel the spell of the centuries in the air. The King is dead, long live the Queen! The story of the island breed goes on and on like the Thames that brushes against the Terrace as it makes its way to the sea. ★

What You Don't Know About Your Mortgage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and taxes. Of course there's no rule to fit all families. One with five or six mouths to feed would probably find it onerous to earmark that big a cut of its income for shelter. But a family with good prospects and modest eating expenses might chance a larger chunk. CMHC reports a lending institution recently granted a young chemist of twenty-five a mortgage requiring twenty-seven percent of his income because he was on the way up.

Here's a realistic picture of the approximate costs of home ownership for a family that buys a ten-thousand-dollar house, puts down two thousand and undertakes a twenty-year mortgage at five percent.

Monthly Cost	First 20 Years	Next 20 Years
Interest, Amortization	\$53.84
Loss of Interest on Cash Payment (2%)	3.33	\$3.33
Taxes (2½%)	20.83	20.83
Insurance	1.66	1.66
Maintenance (\$200 year)	16.66	16.66
	\$96.32	\$42.48
Average (40 years)	\$69.40.	

That's not even counting cost of heating. On the other hand, many families can and do save much of the two hundred for maintenance by doing the work themselves. In any case, the first twenty years are the hardest.

Not that renting is any big money-saver these days either, unless you happen to have quarters in an older building. According to Mansur it's difficult nowadays to find a fully-

served four-room flat in a new building for less than eighty-four dollars a month.

REDUCE THE AMOUNT OF HOUSE:

Even if you can't put down more money or carry larger payments there's another way to beat the high cost of financing:

Buy the smallest, simplest but truly expandable home you can get away with at present, making sure, however, that the basic construction is sound. Then hope that in a few years building prices will deflate a little so you can add to it, or undertake to do some of the work of expansion yourself.

That doesn't mean the house necessarily has to be a little cracker box. But starting with a well-built smaller home thoughtfully planned for future expansion keeps down the mortgage and parlays the savings in interest. You could pay for much of the expansion simply with the savings in interest.

Not long ago Chatelaine magazine estimated it would cost about fifteen thousand dollars to build the kind of house most women want as shown by a survey (three bedrooms, separate dining room, all on one floor). There's a family on our block that wanted this kind of home three years ago but even then the desired features added up to fifteen thousand. They bought a well-constructed but sparsely equipped small house for ten thousand. Gradually they've developed it into a fifteen-thousand-dollar number. They enlarged the attic with a shed dormer, built two bedrooms and a second bath upstairs, turned a downstairs bedroom into a separate dining room, added kitchen cupboards and counters, built on to the kitchen a "cold room" for use as a pantry. The work progressed as the family found a little extra money

Continued on page 49



Scalp care gives your hair that handsome look!

And scalp care is so easy. A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before brushing or combing, a generous massage with this pure, clean tonic before shampooing—and, man, what hair you'll have! No dry scalp and no loose dandruff. Truly a grand hair tonic—and so economical!

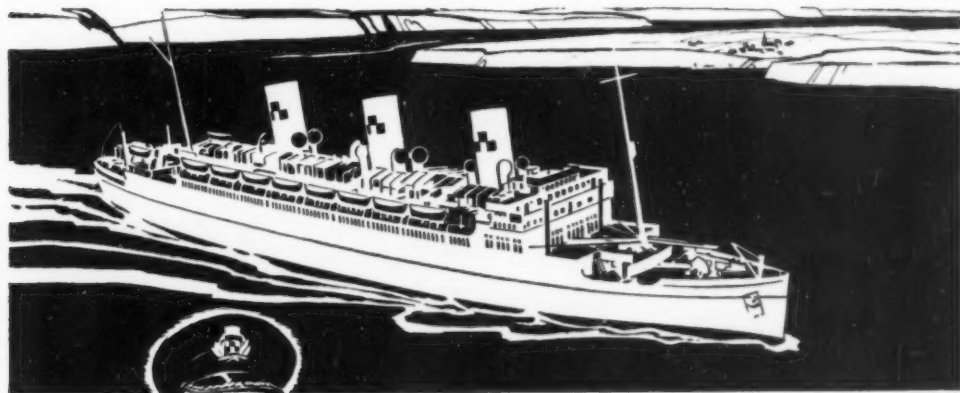
*Itchy scalp, dry brittle hair, loose hairs on comb or brush—unless checked may cause baldness.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

'VASELINE' IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.

The Cruise Route to EUROPE via The Scenic St Lawrence



Sail the Canadian Pacific way to Europe by the unique sheltered St. Lawrence route on the

EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND • EMPRESS OF CANADA • EMPRESS OF FRANCE

A luxurious White Empress leaves Montreal and Quebec every Friday...your entree to Britain and the continent. By day picturesque St. Lawrence shoreline followed

by blue Atlantic horizons. By night, the comfort of your air-cooled stateroom. Thrift season fares: First Class—\$230 up according to ship. Tourist \$152 up.



Shuffleboard, deck tennis, sun-bathing, loafing or reading in comfortable deck chairs...and, for your added enjoyment, thoughtful Canadian Pacific service and smart, casual lounges. Sea air whets appetites for delicious meals.

TRAVEL BY SHIP—

See more—

relax more

Canadian Pacific

Assistance with passports and full information from your own travel agent or any Canadian Pacific office.

No Better Engineered TRUCK at Any Price!

Size up the four facts at the right-hand side of this page. They lay it on the line — the reasons why a Chevrolet truck cuts down your hauling or delivery costs on any job you want to name.

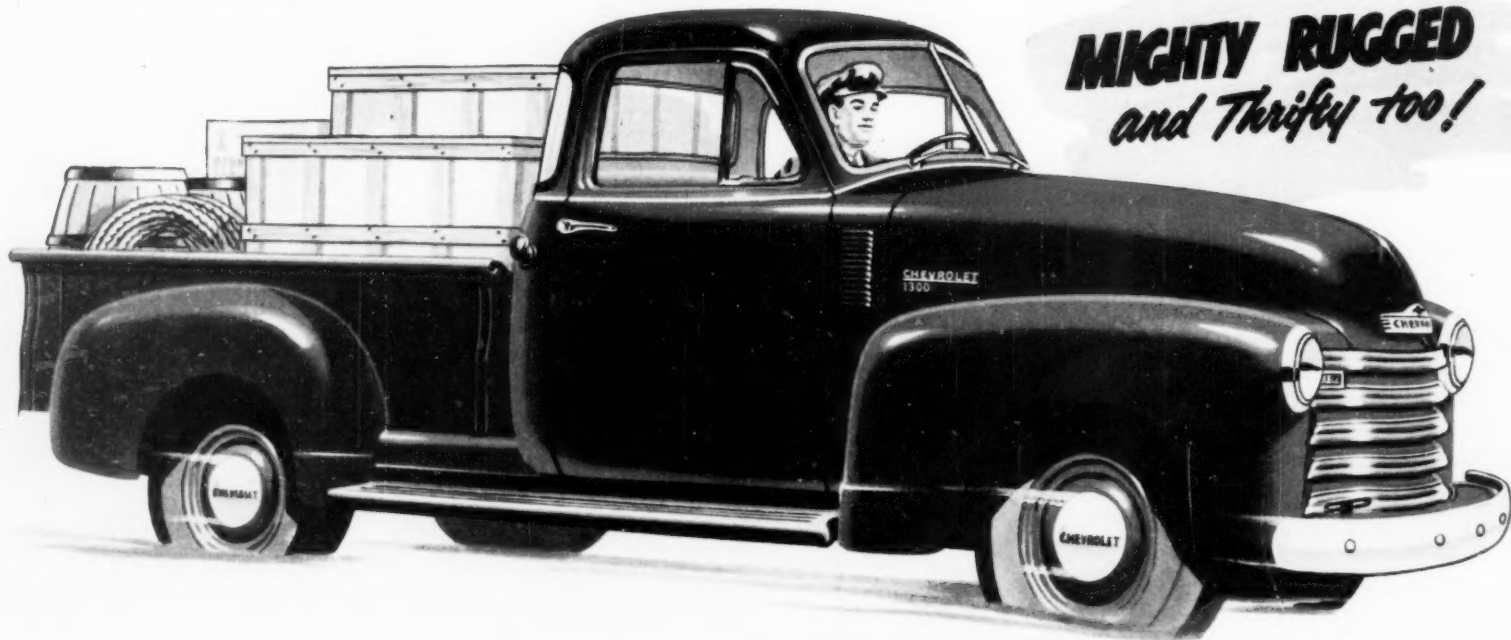
But there's more to it than that. With all its savings on purchase price and on-the-job costs, a Chevrolet truck is the greatest truck to drive you ever got your hands on. Easier Recirculating Ball Bearing Steering. Smooth and easy Diaphragm Clutch. Quiet Helical Gear Syncro-Mesh transmission that eliminates double clutching. Roomy cab with five feet of hip room, ventipane windows, and seats with double-deck springs. And for increased safety and comfort, Chevrolet trucks offer GM "Shade-Lite" Glass with the exclusive *shaded* windshield which greatly reduces glare and heat. (Optional at extra cost.)

Chevrolet is first in low operating cost per ton mile. See them at your Chevrolet dealer's.

**MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLET TRUCKS
THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!**



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



MIGHTY RUGGED
and Thrifty too!

Fact No. 1

More Truck for Your Money!

Get the price on the Chevrolet truck that's the right size, type and capacity for your work. You'll find that Chevrolet gives you far more for your money — because it's engineered and built to unsurpassed standards of value.

Fact No. 2

Rock-Bottom Operating Costs!

You can't beat Chevrolet's Valve-in-Head engine for over-all economy. They just keep rolling along. A choice of *four* time-tested high torque engines to match the load.

Fact No. 3

Engineered and Built for Your Loads!

Every Chevrolet truck gets the job done fast and sure — providing the widest selection of body styles as well as chassis for special bodies in wheelbases from 110"-212".

Fact No. 4

Your Truck Investment is Safer!

When the time comes to trade in an Old Chevrolet truck, here's good news! Year after year, used Chevrolet trucks traditionally bring more money, compared to what they cost, than other makes.



in its kitty, and Pop did much of it himself. For every hundred dollars of his own work he put into that basic house, he earned a hundred and seventy-five because of the saving on mortgage interest.

Today, as housing prices and interest rates leapfrog each other, it's more worthwhile than ever to start with the minimum rather than the maximum house of your dreams. Too, it's getting easier to put the finishing touches on yourself by virtue of such developments as better-quality dry-wall construction for finishing attic rooms; prefabricated and even prefinished flooring, or underlayment for asphalt or linoleum tile floors; plastic or metal tiles for bathrooms; pre-assembled bathroom fixtures like stall showers; ready-pasted wall paper; roller painting and one-coat paints; small power tools and scores of other modern materials.

The trick is to make sure you buy a house that lends itself well to expansion. Such a house is laid out on its lot so there's space to add rooms, perhaps with gable end toward the street if the lot is narrow, and has such features as windows installed in spaces framed for future doors, perhaps a plywood exterior wall that can later become an inside wall, plumbing arranged so additional bathroom fixtures can be easily hooked on, heat risers into the attic, an attic high enough to be usable for additional rooms or which can be enlarged with dormers and so on.

A good example of how owner labor can help soften the inflation in housing is found in a group of homes recently completed near Hog's Back in Ottawa. Under the joint sponsorship of the Veterans Land Administration and CMHC, twenty-nine vets undertook a co-operative home-building venture and wound up with part-brick bungalows at a cost of about fifty-two hundred dollars each. Much of the unskilled work was done by the owners and they also helped the professionals with the bricklaying, electrical and other skilled operations. It's estimated these houses have an owner-labor content of about two thousand dollars besides savings achieved by co-operative purchasing and subcontracting.

The lowest rate for financing a house, except for a special and somewhat restricted deal at three and a half percent for veterans, is the NHA five percent. This is available only on new dwellings. You don't borrow from the government but from an approved lending institution like a life insurance, trust or loan company or fraternal society which has agreed to operate under the National Housing Act. Currently the required down payment is twenty percent, maximum loan is ten thousand dollars and the usual mortgage period twenty or twenty-

five years. Chief source of NHA loans so far has been the ten largest life insurance companies.

CMHC sets certain standards of construction a house must meet for an NHA mortgage. Thus in some ways an NHA mortgage is a protection for the buyer against poor construction. But several mayors recently have complained the standards are too high, and Mayor Wilfrid Spooner, of Timmins, Ont., has urged CMHC to approve semifinished homes without basement or central heating. So far the government is sticking by its standards.

Frequently when you buy a new house in a subdivision you simply take over the NHA mortgage which the builder has already obtained. Many but not all subdivisions offering new houses at fixed prices do have NHA mortgages, and there's no arranging for you to do other than to fill out a questionnaire from which both the lender and Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. can judge whether you have enough and sufficiently stable income to meet the payments, and your past credit record is satisfactory.

But if you have a house built to your order, then you have to arrange for the mortgage yourself by applying to insurance companies, etcetera, for it. For this type of home venture, you may find you can't get as big a loan proportionately as when buying a fixed-price house previously approved for an NHA mortgage, unless you happen to have quite a favorable and firm contract with the builder.

Your application must be approved by both the lender and CMHC. Understand that even if you meet all conditions for an NHA mortgage, there's no compulsion upon any individual lender to give it to you.

CMHC puts up twenty-five percent of the loan and charges the lending institutions only three percent for this portion to encourage them to give mortgage loans at five percent.

In towns under five thousand population where private loans often aren't available, CMHC does make direct loans. It's also under pressure currently from some MPs to lend directly in those larger towns too where mortgage money has been hard to come by at five percent.

CMHC also makes direct loans to workers in certified war plants of as much as ninety percent of appraised value, for buying or building new houses. In this deal, his employer deducts the mortgage payments from the home buyer's pay.

If you buy an older house, you'll probably have to put more down and pay higher interest. By law, the maximum non-NHA mortgage obtainable from an insurance or trust company is sixty percent of appraised

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value. Some families get a second mortgage to reduce the down payment—which further balloons their costs.

Non-NHA mortgages are usually for five years and can be renewed if the terms of the contract are fulfilled. Rates for such loans currently run six to six and a half percent. Generally the more equity you have in the house, thus reducing the lender's risk, the lower the rate may be.

Remember that on non-NHA mortgages the rate is not standard and it does pay to shop several lenders before you sign on that dotted line. If you

can shave the rate even a fraction of one percent you'll save many dollars over the years.

Non-NHA mortgages may run as high as twenty thousand dollars under current practice but, generally, the higher the price of the house, the lower the proportion of value you can borrow. The lenders consider lower-priced houses more recession proof.

You can arrange to pay off non-NHA loans either by quarterly payments with correspondingly lower interest cost in dollars as your debt decreases, so your shelter cost slides downhill, or

by the level-monthly payment method as in an NHA mortgage. If you're in the prime of earning power now, and would like less financial pressure later, you might prefer the first method.

Have you read over your own mortgage recently? Does it give you the right to prepay any part, and what rate of interest are you paying anyway? If it's high, it might pay you to visit some of the lending institutions in your town to see if you can get a lower rate, especially if the mortgage is now pretty small in relation to the value of your house. ★

The Voice of Doom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

a fashionable Toronto suburb, says Greene can't even give the time of day without sounding as though he should have a background of cello music. Wayne's partner, Frank Shuster, claims Greene could broadcast coast to coast without benefit of microphone.

Though it doesn't show up in his balance sheet, Greene's mighty voice has been on occasion a handicap. For several years he got only weighty roles which added to his reputation as a man of heavy portent but did little for his artist's vanity. Finally his bank account reached the happy state where he could demand lighter roles. Recently he played a squirrel. The part called for him to sing. Again the Greene voice was amazing. It was tenor.

He can afford to and does eschew jobs that competitors would give their atomizers to land. His total income is reportedly in the vicinity of forty thousand dollars, a pretty exclusive neighborhood in Canadian radio. Because income taxes would grab off so much of it, he has incorporated himself as a company, Lorne Greene Enterprises, which owns even the powder-blue Buick he drives.

Greene was forced into radio by sheer economic necessity. He really wanted to go on the stage. When he arrived in Toronto in 1939, fresh from two years' schooling in drama and the dance, he found that many experienced actors were beating a path to the poorhouse. So he took a job with an agency that made advertising records and very little money. With his title of program director went ten dollars a week. His first contribution to radio was a series of twelve singing commercials.

When his salary was shaved to five dollars a week he quit and began angling for an audition with the CBC. At this point an announcer who was "between jobs" cautioned Greene with words he has since eaten more often than breakfast. "Don't become an announcer, Lorne," he said. "You haven't got the voice for it."

His only previous encounter with the ether seemed to bear this out. Given one line to read in a radio play he caught a cold and made the part of an old man sound like Henry Aldrich.

However, he got the audition. He was given seven pages of news to read. After he'd looked over only three of them he was told to start. The fourth page was filled with French and German names but Greene, who had majored in modern languages at Queen's University, breezed through them.

Later, during the Russian campaign, he rattled off Przemysl, Rzhev, Maloyaroslavets and Dnepropetrovsk as if they were his own names but mangled "ten ton truck" as "tren ton tuck."

He was sent to CBO in Ottawa, his home town, at one hundred dollars a month. Shortly thereafter he had the thrill that comes once in a lifetime—the first network show. His was the Dominion Observatory official time signal, which features a metronome.

Three months after he went to Ottawa he was called back to Toronto and told to do the national news bulletin. His salary zoomed to fifteen hundred dollars a year.

Greene wrung every bit of drama from each sentence placed before him, conveying the impression that the world was coming apart at the seams and doomsday was just around the corner. A lot of radio men said he

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was hamming it up. But the public listened in numbers that shattered all previous listener ratings.

"You can't talk about ten thousand casualties like you'd talk about ten thousand candy bars," Greene says today. "If the war was going against us, we had to be made to realize that everything wasn't just peachy and that we had to do more than we were doing."

It was maintained by some CBC staffers that on the rare occasions when Greene fluffed or did a poor broadcast, it was not his fault but that of the news for not measuring up to his standards.

Greene was the stirring voice behind such programs as *Carry On Canada*, *They Shall Not Pass* and *Comrades in Arms*. He made frequent trips to Ottawa to narrate National Film Board releases. One of them, *Churchill's Island*, won an Academy Award as the best documentary of 1941. He was even called back from his honeymoon to lend inspiration to one picture.

In 1942 he took one of the top awards in radio, the H. P. Davis Announcers' Memorial Award, given by the National Broadcasting Company. He was in good company because the same prize was won the following year by Ben Grauer, a top U. S. announcer, who described Greene's voice as "one of the finest on the North American continent."

After a one-year stint as a private in the Canadian Army, during most of which he was on leave making bond-drive recordings, Greene was discharged in 1944 and returned to the CBC. A new edict was in force, compelling CBC staff men to turn over a large percentage of their film earnings to the network.

"You can't mean me," Lorne said, in effect. "We can and we do," they replied. Shortly thereafter, Greene, whose salary was now \$3,002 departed for a fling at free-lancing.

Today he has no quarrel with the CBC, and earns quite a bit from it. "The CBC did a tremendous amount for me," he says. "It gave me a coast-to-coast platform."

As a free lance he was signed to do newscasts exclusively for CKEY, a brassy music-and-news station. Sponsors came quickly. Greene, who had turned to announcing because he couldn't get any acting jobs, went back to acting in his spare time. His pace today is hectic. Here is a page from his appointment book:

9:10 a.m.—record Lorne Greene's Notebook; 10-12—rehearse *Crime of Passion* (stage); 12:30—newscast; 2:30-6:30—final and dress rehearsals of *Barrabas* (radio); 7—newscast; sandwich; 8:30-10—*Barrabas*; 10-1:30 a.m.—dress rehearsal *Crime of Passion*; 2 a.m.—bed, maybe.

A frequent criticism of Greene is that he talks like a pundit while some underpaid writer writes his opinions for him. At the CBC Greene wrote none of the news bulletins. He wasn't allowed to. Today he does very few. A CKEY news editor prepares his newscasts from teletype dispatches. About fifteen minutes before he is due to go on the air Greene arrives at the editor's cubby-hole office and edits it. He rewords for clarity, marks

out items that don't strike his fancy and pencils in his own notations and comments. He marks it again to indicate breathing spaces. The final script that Greene takes to the microphone is illegible to anyone else.

One of his former writers, Harry Rasky, claims that Greene's reputation as an authority on world affairs was built up by his ghost writers. Of the many, one is now a five hundred-a-week Hollywood writer, another a university professor.

"Lorne has the most remarkable voice in the country," says Rasky,

"but his interpretation of the news depends largely on his personal mood." As he reads, Greene gestures in the air with a pencil. He claims to have a neutral accent which no one can identify, the product of phonetic pronunciation. "I've had calls asking me what part of Texas I'm from and what part of Lancashire," he says. He pronounces his own Christian name as "Lawn."

Greene's acting career has been a strange cycle. It is perhaps significant that he made his theatrical debut at the age of seven as Moses.

When he couldn't get a stage job, Greene turned to radio. He had to become the top announcer in the nation before he got a chance to act again. His first dramatic role came in 1944, after he quit the CBC. He played a "bad man" in *The Adventures of Jimmy Dale*, at nine dollars per chilling installment.

Soon he was getting parts in many CBC productions, from farm broadcasts to Shakespearean drama. Always he found himself cast as the "heavy." He flushed with anger once when he overheard a director, instructing an

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actor to "do a real Lorne Greene." He is heard frequently on such dramatic programs as Ford Theatre, CBC Wednesday Night, Stage 52, Canadian Panorama, It Happened Here, Summer Fallow, CBC Playhouse, It's a Legend and others. During the nine-month radio play season he averages three roles a week.

One of his biggest radio hits was as Punch Pinero in My Six Convicts. He substituted for another actor at an hour's notice and stole the show. The oddest play he has starred in was Phantasmagoria, in which the central character is a radio announcer named Lorne Greene who goes stark raving mad on the air. There was no difficulty in casting the lead.

The people who work with him recall only one instance in which he obviously imitated anyone. When John Drainie and Budd Knapp read for the role of Captain Ahab in Moby Dick, it was clear to producer Andrew Allan that both had rehearsed by listening to a record of the part done by Charles Laughton. He couldn't choose between them so finally gave the part to Greene. Allan told friends he expected a fresh interpretation from Lorne.

The night before the broadcast Greene and his wife happened to drop in on Drainie. Quite casually Greene asked, "Say, John, you still got that Moby Dick record?" Drainie got it out and Greene listened. He took it home and stayed up with it all night. Next night Allan was dumbfounded when Greene's original portrayal sounded like Drainie, Knapp and Laughton.

Greene was one of the founders of the Jupiter Theatre, a year-old professional company made up largely of radio people who feel radio doesn't give them enough room—"dramatic scope," they call it. It wound up its first year with a deficit of only eight hundred dollars, which practically amounted to a profit. Greene's outstanding role on the stage to date has been as the party leader, Hoederer, in Jean-Paul Sartre's Crime of Passion, which played to packed houses.

Greene does a lot of his rehearsing in his back yard, which is separated from Johnny Wayne's by a tall hedge. He pounds up and down his flagstone terrace being, for instance, Harry Brock in Born Yesterday while Wayne, trying desperately to write his comedy show, screams vainly for silence.

"In the past two years I've been allowed to do things I never could do before," Greene says. "I've got a much finer craftsmanship. The radio announcer side of me isn't important any longer. I consider myself a personality now, not just a radio voice. It's Lorne Greene they buy. I'm hired for me."

Just how much money Greene makes is a secret he guards closely. A Montreal writer estimated his income several years ago at fifty thousand dollars and he had a visitor from the Department of Internal Revenue the day it appeared in print. Greene admits that his newscasts run into five figures, likely about twenty thousand. His Lorne Greene's Notebook has a national sponsor. He charges one hundred dollars and expenses for after-dinner speaking and gets frequent bids.

The CBC pays its radio actors very poorly. A fairly big role requiring possibly ten hours of rehearsal may pay fifty dollars. Greene has found a new source of revenue in a relatively simple invention—a stop watch that indicates how much time a show has left to run, rather than how much has been used up. Greene merely reversed the dial of a standard stop watch and made a minor adjustment so that the minute hand could be made to start anywhere

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on the dial. He has taken out a patent and the watch is now in production. Greene says the invention could bring him seventy-five thousand dollars from radio and TV stations all over the world.

Whatever his assets may total, Greene recently got rid of what he counted as his greatest liability—the Lorne Greene Academy of Radio Arts. He opened the school in 1945 in a modernized twenty-two room Victorian mansion on Jarvis Street. Before the first student arrived it had cost fifty thousand dollars. The academy offered (for four hundred dollars) a six-month soup-to-nuts course in radio, from play-writing to selling. Most of the staff came from the CBC offices across the street. It included Fletcher Markle, now a Hollywood producer, Mavor Moore, head of CBC-TV, Lister Sinclair, the playwright, and producers Andrew Allan and Esse Ljungh.

The academy's records contain the names of three hundred and eighty-one graduates. According to some former students, there were few failures.

"I closed the school rather than lower the standards," Greene says. "If I'd taken in all the students who wanted to attend we could have netted forty thousand easily each year." Instead, he says, the academy cost between three and five thousand dollars a year, which, in the school's seven-year history, could put it as much as thirty-five thousand in the red. He will easily recoup his losses by selling the academy building. It's a stone's throw from the CBC-TV building in a district where property values have suddenly skyrocketed.

The radio business was never unanimous in its opinion of the school. One radio writer claims it taught only the arty side of radio for which there isn't much of a market. Yet the school numbers among its graduates Robert McGall, who two years after graduating became program director of CIBC in Toronto, the key station of the CBC's Dominion Network; Leslie Nielson, now a television star in New York, is another. Greene claims that ninety percent of his graduates found employment in radio.

Greene's own personality has become identified with his radio personality. He has been called vain and arrogant. Certainly he isn't self-effacing. In the course of a recent interview he was asked to nominate the best newscaster in the world. "Lorne Greene, of course," he answered quickly. "If I didn't think so how the hell could I stay in this business?"

He is equally frank in appraising his acting ability. He names himself, Knapp and Drainie as among the top actors in Canada.

Says Hal Cooke, manager of CKEY: "He isn't modest about Lorne Greene and I don't think he has to be. He's made a pretty good product of himself."

At the height of his success, Lorne is thinking now of packing off to England and later the United States for a few years to pick up more stage and TV experience.

"I've learned a lot and done a lot in the last thirteen years," he says. "But I'm just beginning."

Greene admits to being an inveterate practical joker, in spite of the fact that a practical joke once caused him to blush right down to his shoes. In one radio play he had a particularly long part to read. While he was in the middle of an emotional monologue two other actors unfastened his belt. He kept on reading. They removed his trousers. Greene went on acting, his voice unflinching. Observers said that, standing there in his shorts, Lorne Greene was covered by a cloak of complete dignity. ★

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She's Collecting Long Lost Songs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

ancestors were granted Citadel Hill when Halifax was founded in 1749, intended to be a social-service worker. After a physical breakdown forced her to abandon her studies at Toronto University she earned a living in Mexico City, Halifax and Ottawa as a free-lance writer for magazines and

newspapers. For a while she had a children's program on radio station CHNS in Halifax.

In 1928 she stumbled into her unusual career as a folklorist at a clam-bake at South East Passage at the mouth of Halifax harbor. She asked fishermen whether they knew any pirate legends, because she was planning to do a magazine piece on the buccaneers who had prowled Nova Scotia's shores.

Enos Hartlan, now dead, was then the patriarch of weather-beaten South East Passage, where the dwellings

stand in a circle around a crumbling deserted house called the ghost house. He spun pirate yarns and sang pirate songs for her in his husky wheezy voice.

"Ain't many remember those old songs these days," he chuckled as he paused for breath. "When I die, a lot of them will die with me."

"But aren't they written down somewhere?"

"Not them, miss. Not them."

Helen Creighton realized, suddenly, that it was important that they should be written down. Apart from the beauty of their melodies and the quaint

poetry of their words they were bright threads in the fabric of Nova Scotia's history—threads that shed light on the lives and experiences and thoughts of the people. She realized, too, that there must be other singers like Hartlan who would soon be gone, and other songs like his that might be buried with those who sang them. She decided to do something about it, and has been doing something about it ever since.

When she began—with Hartlan as her first subject—she had no tools but a pad and pencil. Getting the words on paper was easy but translating the tunes into black-and-white symbols stumped her. She struggled for hours to set down the music of one ballad, *The Turkish Lady*:

By a Turkish rover took were we
And all of us was made slaves to be
The proud Turk had one only daughter,
The finest creature ever my eyes did see,
She stole the keys of her father's prison . . .

Enos Hartlan scowled when Miss Creighton hummed it back to him from her notes. "It's purty, miss," he commented sourly, "but it sure ain't *The Turkish Lady*."

She was on the verge of giving up in despair when the late Judge R. H. Murray of Halifax came to her with an antique melodeon—a sort of miniature organ in a case which measured three feet by one foot by one foot. He suggested she could pick out the tune on the keyboard as a singer sang. She used the odd instrument for four years.

The melodeon was too heavy for her to carry far. On Devil's Island, off the entrance of Halifax harbor, she borrowed a wheelbarrow and pushed it over the sand dunes as she tramped from door to door collecting the songs of the fifty inhabitants. Ben Henneberry, gnarled coxswain of the Devil's Island lifeboat crew, gave her some of the ballads she prizes most even today—ballads that had been forgotten in England, where they originated, but were still sung by descendants of the settlers who brought them to Nova Scotia.

The Farmer's Curs't Wife was a favorite:

There was an old farmer
lived on a hill,
And if he's not dead
he lives there still . . .

At this point Ben Henneberry would whistle, then his fellow islanders would stamp their feet and bellow:

Chorl-a-li-do, chorl-a-li-do,
Fall the dol diddle I dey.

Miss Creighton filled notebook after notebook on Devil's Island. Then, still toting her melodeon, she explored other communities. She had no income, for she had stopped writing to concentrate on her quest, but her father, Charles E. Creighton, head of a Halifax brokerage firm, shared her enthusiasm, paid her expenses, and walked to his office so she could have his car.

By 1931 she had more than enough songs for a fat volume, but felt she lacked the scholarship to select those which were best and supplement them with notes and references, so she caught a train for Toronto, where she approached Dr. John D. Robins, author, humorist, authority on folk songs, and professor of English at Victoria College. Could he recommend an editor?

"Be your own editor," he advised.

He let her have a room at Victoria College and his private library of folk songs, and he showed her how to compare her songs with those in other collections. With his aid and that of Dr. Healey Willan, the distinguished To-

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ronto composer, she eventually whipped her manuscript into shape.

J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto and London, published Songs and Ballads of Nova Scotia in 1932. As a five-dollar book in depression days it was not greeted by a rush of eager buyers, and although she had devoted four years to it her royalties from its sale were hardly worth mentioning.

Still, it established her firmly as a folklorist, was praised by critics, and led to speaking engagements in New York and Montreal. Doreen Senior, British pianist and dancer who was teaching folk dancing at the Nova Scotia Summer School, sought her out to congratulate her and wound up as her collaborator. Together they ranged Nova Scotia, and when they struck a "new" song three or four centuries old Miss Creighton noted the words and Miss Senior, with her trained ear, noted the music.

They met Walter Roast, the "singing mailman," in his strawberry field. Roast, a rural mail driver with an arm that was withered by polio, has a small farm at Chezsetcook. He wanted to stop and sing for them, but if his berries weren't picked they'd rot, and he couldn't afford that. So he sang as he picked and they followed him through the berries under the hot sun.

Now a local celebrity, he has sung many times for the CBC since Miss Creighton and Miss Senior discovered him. One season his CBC earnings put a new roof on his barn.

At Chebucto Head, Kit Gallagher, whose husband kept the light there for more than thirty years, sang songs like The Broken Ring for them as she scrubbed her floors:

As a sailor walked in a garden,
A pretty maid he chanced to spy.
It was for to view her he stepped up
to her and said,
"Fair maid, can you fancy I?"

Creighton and Senior had one of their strangest interviews in the Cape Breton hills with James D. Gillis, backwoods schoolteacher and a well-known Nova Scotia character. Gillis never consciously wrote a humorous line in his life, yet a series of small paper-bound books of his authorship have the reputation of being the most hilarious books ever written in Canada. Queen Victoria's jubilee brought this from him:

All hail to thee, Victoria,
Dressed in thy royal regalia,
With one foot on Canada
And the other on Australia.

In The Author's Four Pole Map he insists that the globe should have an east pole and a west pole as well as a north pole and a south pole. He proposes that the east pole be named Gillis, after himself, and the west pole Ferguson, after a "very dear friend." In the introduction to The Cape Breton Giant he mentions that "I have been twice to the United States—I do not say so for the sake of boast."

James D. entertained Helen Creighton and Doreen Senior for hours outside the log barrier that blocks the path to the house he shares with another aged bachelor. He didn't invite them inside but frequently vaulted the barrier like a boy—this when he was

seventy—to race into the house and bring out pamphlets and other things he wanted them to see. He sang one of his own masterpieces, Miss McKay, which was inspired by the departure for Boston of a Miss McKay of Cape Breton:

Uncle Sam will sing your praise,
Sing your merits and your ways,
Till you find that virtue pays, Miss McKay.

The collaboration of Helen Creighton and Doreen Senior continued until World War II made it impossible for

Miss Senior to cross to Nova Scotia from England annually. Miss Senior did the piano arrangements for Twelve Folk Songs of Nova Scotia, published in London by Novello in the late 1930s, and is the co-author of Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia, published by the Ryerson Press.

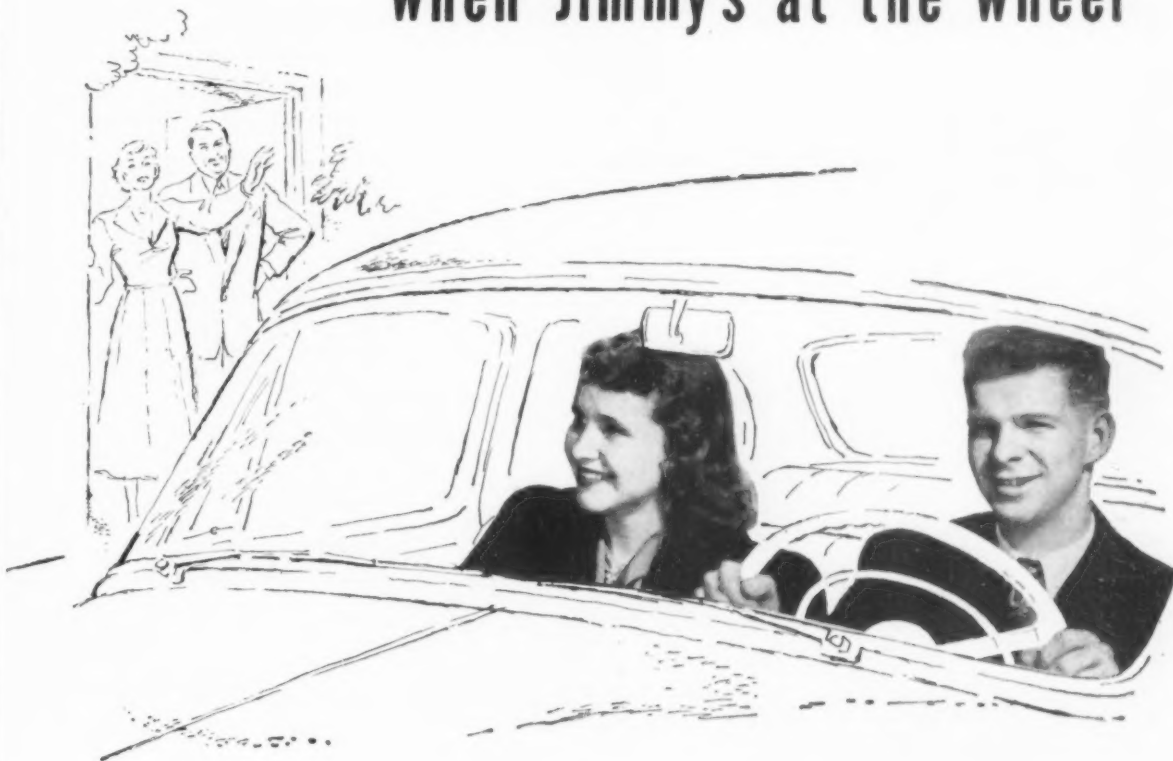
In the spring of 1938 and again in the spring of 1939, Helen Creighton had a weekly program on the CBC featuring folk singers like Walter Roast and Kit Gallagher, either a string quartet or a choir, and folk tales which she told herself. From 1939 to 1941 she was

dean of women at King's College, Halifax, but still pursued folk songs in every free moment. She had acquired a dictaphone by now and lugged this around instead of the melodeon.

In the summer of 1942 the Rockefeller Foundation chose her to represent English-speaking Canadians at a folklore assembly at the University of Indiana.

Until then Kentucky had been considered the richest source of folk songs in North America, but she proved in Indiana that Nova Scotia could match Kentucky song for song. Alan Lomax,

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Young Jimmy has the family car for his 'big date'. At times like this you'd think Jimmy's folks would worry, but they don't.

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Tear three directions that it shouldn't!

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

folk song curator at the U. S. Library of Congress, asked her to record Nova Scotia songs for him and outfitted her with a disc recorder. The Rockefeller Foundation awarded her a fellowship to finance her research. At last, after struggling for fourteen years, she had proper equipment and her expenses were being paid. She received two other Rockefeller Foundation fellowships after that and the Library of Congress backed her until she was engaged by the National Museum of Canada in 1947.

Her job, in a sense, is a race against

death, for folk singers are a dying breed. The people whose songs she records now with a modern tape recorder are nearly all past sixty. The majority of them are in their seventies or eighties. Often, when she goes looking for a singer she has heard of, she finds he was buried yesterday or last week or last month. Or, if he's alive, his memory may be failing.

This spring a doctor sent word from Chester, N.S., that he had an eighty-seven-year-old patient, Nathan (Chippy) Hatt, who still sang. "I'm no good for nawthin'," Hatt grumbled

when she called on him. "Can't remember nawthin' any more." But he remembered enough to keep her working with him for weeks. One of his songs was Geordie:

As I went over London Bridge,
Was in the morning early.
And there I met a fair lady,
Lamenting for her Geordie.
I then stepped up to this young fair one,
Saying, "Where are you going so early?"
"I'm going to my good lord judge," she cried.
"To plead for the life of Geordie."

When Helen played back the tape on which she had recorded Geordie, Hatt looked amazed. "That fellow's singing my song," he said.

"That's you singing," she explained. "That's your own voice."
"Well, well, well," he grinned. "I'm right pleased and proud, if that's really my voice. I sound pretty fair for an old crotch."

When he'd sung forty-seven songs he was determined to hit fifty. When he hit fifty he recalled enough additional songs to raise the score to sixty-one.

Miss Creighton has had older singers than Chippy Hatt. Dennis Smith, of Chezzetcook, sang for her in a strong clear voice when he was ninety-two. Most of her singers are men and she attributes this to the fact that, years ago, men got around more than women. They picked up songs as they wandered. As a rule they learned them in lumber camps or out on the fishing banks. Once in a while a singer will halt in the middle of a song and blush and apologize that "it's got a bit of the blue in it." Not all the folk songs sung by rough men for centuries are sweet and pure.

Frequently, somebody knows the title of a song but not the words and music. Helen Creighton hunts until she finds the song. She may hit it the next day or she may dig for it for years.

A friendly soul who likes most people, she dislikes the "go-preachers" who ramble through Nova Scotia. Quite a few singers who have fallen under the influence of go preachers now regard all songs but hymns as sinful. They won't sing folk songs for her because they're "afereed o' fryin' in hellfire." They're the only singers who ever turn her down. The average individual is happy to co-operate. At Kennetcook, for instance, Frank White was on his roof with a couple of hired men, building a new chimney, but he climbed down to sing. After each song had been recorded he had his hired men climb down too to hear it played back.

When he'd exhausted his own repertoire White sent her to Jack Turple. That's the way it works out. One folk singer refers her to another and they're all eager to have the old songs preserved.

It was on Bon Portage Island that Helen Creighton moved about by oxteam taxi, the only transportation available. Her hostess there was a woman who has combined writing with lightkeeping—Mrs. Evelyn Richardson, author of *We Keep a Light*, a book that won a governor-general's award.

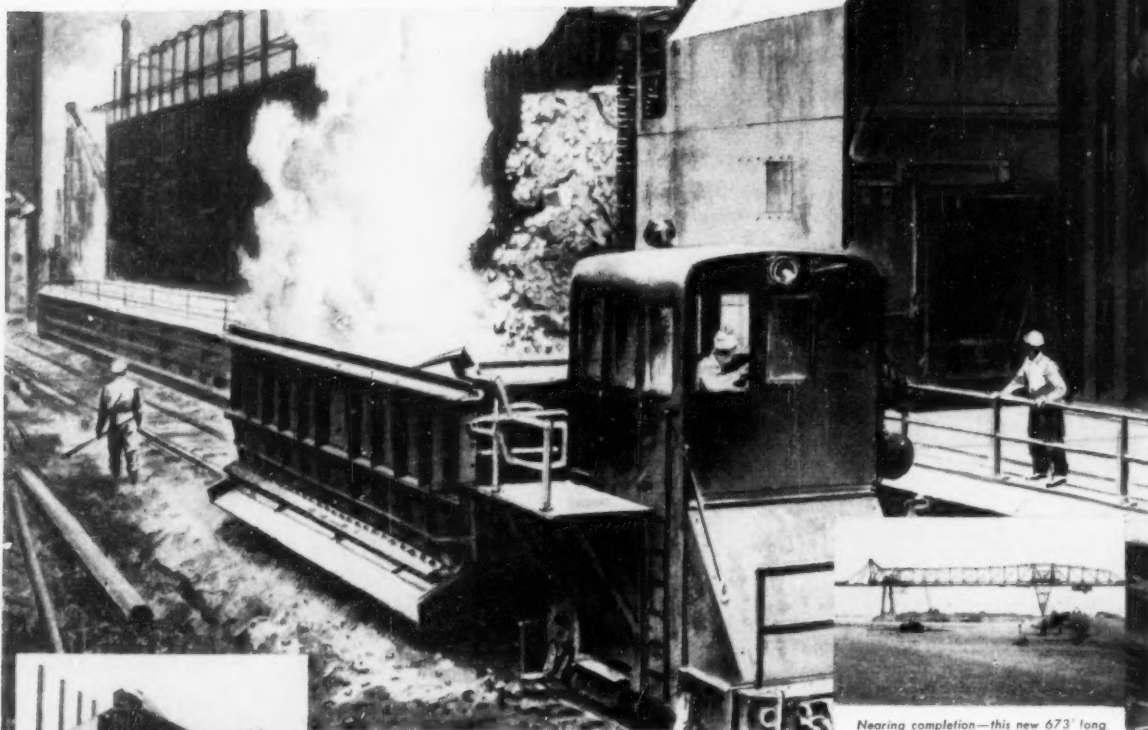
Miss Creighton's search for songs has taken her to such odd places as a mountain top cabin on Cape Breton—her muscles still feel sore when she thinks of that climb—and to an alms house. At the alms house she was left alone with a man who was contemplating suicide. He sat on the edge of his chair glaring at her and looking as though he was ready to pounce at her throat. She was frightened. But then his mood changed and he sang for her:

In London, fair city, lived as you may hear,
A noble rich lord had a daughter so fair,
Her name was Diana, scarce sixteen years old,
Her fortune twenty thousand,
Bright guineas and gold . . .

He sang other songs she hoped he would know, like *The Brave Volunteer*, each verse of which ends, "O hark, cried the lady, hear the nightingale sing," and *Mrs. Daley Sells Rum*. A few weeks later he jumped out a window and killed himself.

More frightening was her session with the Micmacs at a Cape Breton

a promise in 1951 . . .



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reservation. There was a powwow on and members of the tribe were chanting so she rigged up her recorder.

After an hour or more she sensed an intense and mounting antagonism. She glanced up and saw that angry Indians were closing in on her from all sides. As she grabbed her recorder and fled there were mumbled threats, but she wasn't stopped. Later she learned that the powwow was to raise funds for a funeral, and that relatives of the deceased were in a rage because other members of the tribe were so interested in what she was doing they had ignored a bowl that was being passed around for contributions.

Chasing songs, Helen Creighton has bumped into such eerie and unmusical fields of folklore as witchcraft and "forerunners"—forerunners being mysterious omens of death. She wouldn't like to create the impression that witchcraft is widespread in the Maritimes but there's more of it than might be suspected. That's especially true of Nova Scotia, where some druggists do a brisk trade in vials of mercury—vials hung up in barns to protect livestock from evil spirits.

One grey autumn day on the south shore of Nova Scotia, she called at the home of a retired sea cook who was reputed to be a singer. His housekeeper, a huge woman with spooky eyes, ushered her into a dim musty parlor. In a frame on the wall, surrounded by waxed flowers, was the nameplate off a coffin—a dismal ornament not too unusual in villages by the Atlantic. The housekeeper steered the conversation to witchcraft. Her grandmother, she said, had been a humpbacked witch and had cast a spell on her when she was a child. She had finally freed herself from this spell by killing a witch.

Her victim, she said, was a man—a neighbor with a nasty habit of changing himself into a cat and creeping into her room and clawing her while she slept. When he tired of this sport he "witched" her pig. And then, because her grandmother had taught her a trick or two, she knew she had him in her power. She had the pig butchered, stuck nine new pins in the heart and popped the heart in the oven. When she had baked it three days her neighbor grew desperately ill, so she baked it three more days and he died in agony.

"But if you were responsible," Miss Creighton protested, "that would make you a murderer—morally, if not legally."

"I done right according to the Good Book," sniffed the housekeeper and she thumbed through a Bible and pointed to a passage in Exodus which reads, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Helen Creighton has encountered other self-styled witches. And, because she wrote of witchcraft in *Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia* published by the National Museum of Canada in its anthropological series, would-be witches regard her as an expert and have sought her advice. On Sunday, June 15, of this year, the telephone rang in her pleasant seven-room apartment in Dartmouth, across the harbor from Halifax. It was a woman with an elderly voice, enquiring how she could retaliate against a witch. "And this in Halifax today!" says Miss Creighton. "How far has our civilization progressed?"

But she herself is not immune to more amiable types of superstition. She bows for good luck when she passes a chimney sweep, and she won't let anybody stitch a garment while she has it on because that's supposed to be bad luck. Crossing a covered bridge, she holds her breath and wishes, and she also makes a wish when she sees a white horse. She was born with a caul

—a thin membrane which sometimes covers the face of an infant. Her mother kept this and gave it to her years ago and she has it under lock and key, for there's a saying that if you throw away your caul, you throw away your luck.

In *Folklore of Lunenburg County* she deals with instances of people being forewarned of death by unexplainable sounds and visions. The commonest forerunner is three knocks which seem to come from nowhere and everywhere, and she says she heard these knocks herself before a sister-in-law died.

Her store of folklore includes fascinating tales of buried gold and, prompted by these, she has looked for buried treasure. Recently, a friend asked her what she'd do with treasure if she found it. "Well," she answered "I guess I'd still chase folk songs."

"Where?"
"Here in the Maritimes—mainly Nova Scotia. Nova Scotia's the best place for them."

It dawned on her then that if she had Captain Kidd's fabulous loot she'd do exactly what she is doing. She'd still live in the old family residence,

which she converted into apartments after her parents died. She'd still be active in the Halifax Zonta Club, of which she is president, and in such organizations as the Women's Canadian Club, the Canadian Authors' Association and the Dartmouth University Women's Club. She'd still favor tweed suits. She'd still bake cookies for the neighbors' kids. She'd still get a tremendous bang out of hearing folk songs she recorded from aged fishermen sung by topnotch professionals like Eve Maxwell-Lyte. And she'd do nothing she isn't doing now. ★



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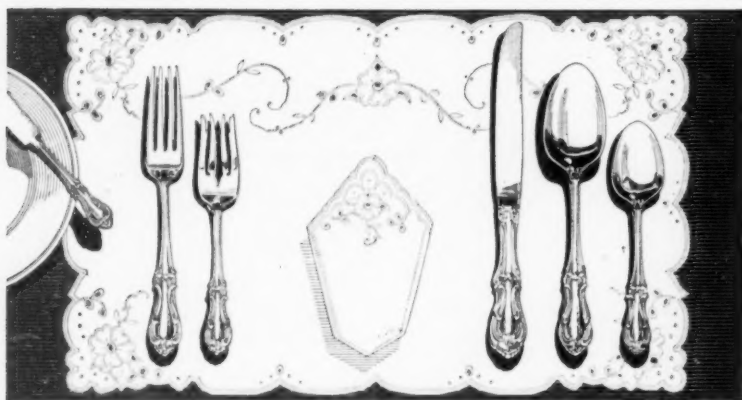
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D-2

The Night the Whisky Ship Ran Aground

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Pearl Rockefeller's three brothers all captained lake fishing boats and each time they passed the Rockefeller home they tooted their whistles. When the City of Dresden blew its first distress signal, about 4 p.m., Pearl assumed that it was just “one of the boys saying hello as he went by.” But, as the whistle continued to wail and the boat headed in to shore, the women quickly recognized trouble. Del had the family car so Mrs. Rockefeller and Viola Blackenbury hitched up a horse and buggy and galloped over a circuitous half-mile route around the marsh to the beach.

As they pulled up the second lifeboat was going over the side. The boat toppled and Peregrine McQueen was swept away on the waves. The others righted the craft but, in spite of a strong incoming wind, the boat was buffeted away from shore by a steady current.

Spry grey-haired Pearl Rockefeller, who has chronicled the date in her family Bible along with other major events in her life, still recalls every detail of that day. “That boat was being tossed around like a spinning top and I saw that those poor men didn't have much chance of getting ashore without help,” she remembers.

The twenty-seven-year-old housewife waded chest-deep into the icy lake. Captain McQueen turned helplessly to his crew. “What good is a woman,” he cried. “She can't help us any!”

But one seaman threw Pearl a line. Viola waded out to meet her and together they tugged the boat ashore. Sawyer, McQueen, Joe Antio, J. D. Hunt and Jackie McBride, the cook, were safe. Just then one whole side of the City of Dresden collapsed.

“Me and one of the other fellows took the old man up to the house,” Pearl says. “He had the shakes and was out of his head for almost all night. When his crew told him that a woman had saved them he couldn't believe it at first.”

For Ray Sawyer the rescue was a near-miracle. Sixty-eight years earlier his grandfather had also been rescued from the lake by a woman. The heroine on that November day in 1854 was Abigail Becker, who later received an American Humane Society medal and two hundred and fifty pounds from

Queen Victoria for her bravery.

During the next week Ontario newspapers received a letter signed by nine Port Rowanites, claiming a share in the rescue. The letter to the Toronto Globe declared that “Mrs. Rockefeller did not even get her feet wet unless it was from the sand on the beach.” But Sawyer says firmly, “She and her niece were the only ones that helped us. She deserves the credit.”

The bruised and battered crew rested at the Rockefeller home that week end. “Captain McQueen had about a thousand dollars in his pocket. I took it out and dried it for him,” Pearl recalls. Most of the crew's belongings were lost, although Toughie Rockefeller, a gnarled and wizened little Port Rowanite, recalls with pride that he and a friend found the captain's valise a few days later.

Back at the beach the ancient City of Dresden was rapidly disintegrating. Thousands of pieces of spar floated ashore accompanied, as the Simcoe Reformer said later, “by the precious cargo of booze.”

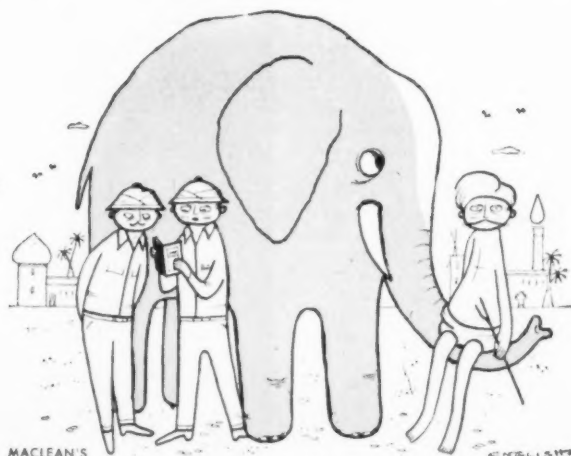
Capt. J. E. McQueen, son of the Dresden's skipper and president of an Amherstburg marine company says that one thousand cases valued at forty thousand dollars and five hundred kegs worth twenty-five thousand dollars were aboard. The stage was set for what Del Rockefeller says was a “regular carnival on the beach.”

Long Point had shown a healthy interest in whisky ever since 1786 when Uncle Billy Smith of Port Rowan won fame for hoisting a fifty-gallon keg and drinking from the bung hole. Throughout prohibition the bootleggers plied a flourishing trade. Liquor could not be legally purchased in Ontario unless one had a doctor's certificate. The news of the wreck was greeted with rejoicing in many quarters. On Tuesday a Toronto Globe headline neatly summarized the week end's events:

WOMAN SAVES LIVES OF CREW WHILE MEN SALVAGE LIQUOR

By Saturday night hundreds of visitors from miles around swarmed to the beach and gleefully filled their gunny sacks, their pockets and themselves. Cases were loaded into trucks, buggies, wagons or wheelbarrows and trundled off into the night. Hundreds of quart bottles were buried in the sand or the swamp. Anyone in a particular hurry simply tossed whole cases into the soggy marsh and stepped on them until they sank from sight.

Hijackers stole from original sal-



“There doesn't appear to be a phrase for
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vagers only to have other hijackers steal from them. A farmer would hide a case and mark the spot. When his back was turned someone else moved the marker and mentally noted the new location. When he was gone a third party was apt to shuffle the marker again to his own advantage.

By Sunday night not a bottle was in sight. J. E. McQueen, who arrived on the scene that day, still believes nothing was salvaged.

A few days later Dickie Edmonds, the Ontario Temperance Act license inspector, visited the Port Rowan lifesaver who had first found the bounty on the beach. The man admitted "finding a few bottles" which he would gladly turn over to the law. Meanwhile he alerted a crony who hurried down to the cache and removed one case. When the lifesaver and Edmonds arrived they found a hole, a broken case—but no whisky.

"Some sonofabitch," roared the lifesaver, with a fine show of temper, "has stolen my whisky!"

The inspector, who later became a Simcoe Sunday-school teacher, sighed piously. "Ill-gotten gains can do no one any good," he said and left the Port Rowanite to his misery. The latter promptly removed the remaining forty-one cases from under the telephone poles to a safer hideout, later sold twelve hundred dollars' worth and allegedly paid off the mortgage on his house.

Many of the men who rushed to the beach when the news got around sat down to sample the spoils right on the spot. They discovered that Corby's Special Selected was a mellow drink but Old Crow was a sterner blend, a corn whisky that separated the men from the boys.

"When that stuff took effect," an old-timer now recalls reverently, "you were dead all over."

"Why, a quart of Old Crow," says Del Rockefeller solemnly, "would make a fellow drunk!"

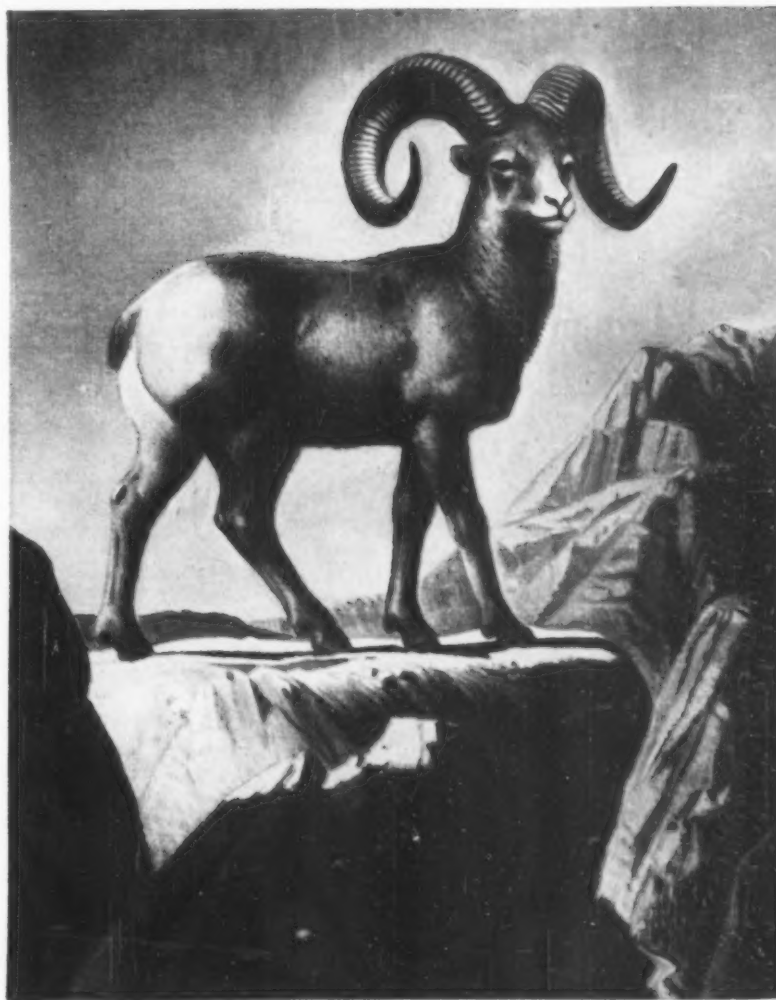
One thirsty farmer discovered a whole keg and a damaged one. He firmly straddled the first and proceeded to sip from the second with a dipper. As the evening wore on and he became a little fuzzy his neighbors gently deposited him on a nearby stump with his dipper and damaged keg close at hand. Then, while he sipped and jealously guarded the stump for the rest of the night, they made off with the full keg.

In this general hilarity almost everyone overlooked the tragedy of the wreck. At noon on Sunday the body of young Peregrine McQueen drifted ashore. A deep gash in the boy's forehead indicated that he had been stunned by the boat before being swept away. The body was sent to Amherstburg on Monday, accompanied by his broken-hearted father and his shipmates. McQueen and Sawyer later returned to salvage the Dresden's engine but the old captain's sailing days virtually ended with that tragic voyage.

Official word of the wreck didn't reach Simcoe, the county town, until Sunday night. The telephone line which harbored the first windfall of whisky ran only from the lighthouse to Port Rowan. When the news reached Simcoe, Inspector Dickie Edmonds, Provincial Constable Lawrence and County Constable Alway immediately set out for the beach, arriving at 2 a.m. Monday to find only scattered wrappers and splintered cases. After a fruitless four-mile search they returned to Simcoe, tired and defeated.

By now the thirty-year game of hide-and-seek was on with whisky as first prize. The Simcoe Reformer reveled in the affair. For reporter

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Bruce Pearce, now the paper's publisher, this was a newspaperman's dream come true. He wrote:

The pleasure-loving neighborhood along Lake Erie will continue for some time in glorious revelry and debauch. Charlie Terhune says water from the bay is selling at five cents a glass. When searching parties along the cold shores meet with swamp whisky the inevitable is bound to ensue.

The cove will be a popular summer resort next season while the nearby swamp will undoubtedly attract scores of visitors for months to come. Several Simcoites visited the oasis on Monday and Tuesday, presumably to view the wreck.

Two Simcoites journeyed three miles up the beach and were rewarded with six full-fledged quarts hidden in the swamp. They found no difficulty in getting rid of it before reaching Simcoe and many friends were left along the route. More than fifty hunters were on the scene Tuesday. Tenders are now in order for a liquor taster to determine whether the stuff is Old Crow or Corby's Special.

For days the police and license inspector prodded the sands with long poles but with little success. Inspector Edmonds was a mild but resolute man. On numerous occasions he was hot on the whisky trail but his quarry pulled ingenious stunts to bamboozle him.

Two farmers plowed a double furrow down the centre of the field and sowed it to whisky. Then, to mislead the keen-eyed inspector, they built a fence along this strip so the fresh plowing wouldn't catch the eye. There was nothing remarkable about this fence—except that the pair spent most of the next summer around it.

Another outdoorsman buried his whisky in the garden. Later, on dry nights, he would rise, pick up a spade and announce, "Well, got to dig some vegetables."

Police checked the strawstacks but generally just prodded the edges. Clever farmers clambered to the top and burrowed whisky down the centre.

Other caches went into icehouses. Householdors tore up their floor boards and insulated the home with whisky. False ceilings became the vogue in Port Rowan architecture.

Twenty-five cases were buried beneath a theatre and, though it was never established, some patrons claimed that one ticket took you to the show while another admitted you to the basement and Old Crow.

One farmer triumphantly carried home a load of whisky only to learn that his wife wouldn't have it in the house. With the inspector breathing hard on his trail the farmer had a brainwave. The law arrived, ransacked the farm for a week, shifted all the hay in the mow—but found no whisky. Many years later the farmer confessed. "Thank God it didn't rain that week," he said. "I had the eavestrough lined with bottles all the way around that 60-by-40 barn."

For some the whisky brought nothing but grief. One man loaded his wagon and, knowing he was under suspicion, turned it over to a farmer who was to hide it in exchange for a half share. When the search petered out the farmer claimed he hadn't been paid, so he kept the team and wagon. Needless to say the victim didn't take his complaint to the law.

One farmer peddled his whisky to a bootlegger and was paid off with a bad cheque.

Another entrepreneur set out from the lakeshore to sell his load to a Simcoe bootlegger, twenty-five miles away. He prudently took the back roads, eventually became lost and



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stopped to ask directions of a native.

"You down from Port Rowan way?" asked the farmer, thoughtfully eyeing the well-covered wagon.

"Yep."

"Pretty heavy load you got there."

"Yep."

"You know," said the farmer slowly, still admiring the load, "I can't rightly recall where that fellow lives. Doubt if you'd make it anyway, with a heavy load like that."

The traveler studied the farmer's guileless face. "Maybe I could travel better if that load was one case lighter," he hinted.

"Man you're lookin' for lives straight north, up this road, turn right at the third concession," said the farmer briskly, reaching for his case.

Even the authorities were outrageously hoodwinked. One case was turned over to the customs officer in Simcoe. Thieves broke into the office and stole the case, ignoring everything else.

Shady transactions went on for months with the price settling down to a modest sixty dollars a case or five dollars a bottle. Regular bootleggers in the district complained bitterly about these amateurs who undercut established prices. Some professionals actually went out of business before bootlegging returned to normal a year later.

The law tried valiantly to prosecute but it was a losing battle. Crown Attorney W. E. Kelly brought a few men to court but could rarely produce witnesses. He grumbled that this was a serious reflection on the manhood of the community but Port Rowan's manhood drank its Old Crow shamelessly and in silence.

"The majority of the witnesses were at the scene of the wreck within a few hours of the catastrophe but remembered little of what took place," reported the Simcoe Reformer solemnly.

Most witnesses were like Lee Beaupre who testified that the beach was strewn with kegs and cases on Saturday but that they had mysteriously vanished by Sunday.

Under the Ontario Temperance Act, a first offender was subject to a maximum fine of one hundred dollars for unlawfully having liquor. A number of cases were dismissed because of insufficient evidence, but six men paid a hundred dollars and costs. In one instance the officers testified that the ring marks of ten whisky kegs were found in a suspect's wagon bed on the Monday following the wreck and that his horses were in the stable with their harness on. Old-timers say that the accused almost smothered this flimsy evidence by camouflaging the keg marks with a layer of ripe manure—a manoeuvre which almost overpowered the law.

Through the years the official hunt and the supply of whisky waned but Port Rowan's interest has never flagged. From time to time the hopes of local drinking men are revived. In June 1923 a lighthouse man found a case of whisky. Two years later a farmer's hogs rooted up a bottle in the pigpen. Eight or ten years ago another farmer found four cases while digging a drainage ditch. Back in 1946 a fireman found a bottle of Old Crow in a false ceiling while fighting a fire.

So the Port Rowan folk live in a constant delicious aura of suspense. When they plough the fields they watch for whisky in the furrow. When they wreck a house they do so gingerly, with a pleasant tingle of anticipation. And when gales lash Long Point's beaches they automatically gaze out over Lake Erie.

There's no telling when another whisky ship may run aground. ★



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Eisenhower

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

came from South Dakota or Wisconsin or Indiana or Ohio (or any one of half a dozen other midwestern states) and they got a real thrill out of discovering mutual acquaintances with the total strangers, very like themselves, whom they'd met in the elevator or at the convention hall. They spent about two thirds of the mealtime talking about their grandchildren, who were all bright but who all had problems. The rest of the time they talked about Poor Mr. Taft.

Poor Mr. Taft was the symbol of everything they believed in, everything they had voted for in the past forty years and most especially in the last twenty years. Poor Mr. Taft was a friend of General MacArthur, who had been Right (just when, or about what, they are not quite sure, but they know that MacArthur was Right). Mr. Taft was an implacable enemy of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had not only fathered the New Deal and thus introduced socialism but who had also Sold Us Out at Yalta after Dragging Us Into War.

Poor Mr. Taft was a "real Republican," the kind they were themselves. Twice already he had been elbowed out of the nomination by "Me Too" candidates, New Dealers in Republican clothing, and now it looked as if the same sinister crowd would do it again. Only a few believed, after the first day or two, that Eisenhower would be beaten and Taft would get the nomination after all.

Before the Republican convention was half over the elderly men were looking grim and disheartened and the women, when you met them at Taft headquarters, looked ready to burst into tears. (They did, when the final defeat came.)

On that same day I happened to stand next to one of them in an elevator queue at the Conrad Hilton Hotel. She had been out at the convention hall listening to the oratory of Senator Joe McCarthy. I had just come from a meeting of the credentials committee where the issue of the contested delegates, the issue that won the convention for Eisenhower, was entering its penultimate stage.

"How does it look for Senator Taft?" she asked.

I said it looked pretty bad. Her face twisted with anger.

"If Taft loses, we might as well haul down the red, white and blue," she said. "It's time to hoist the world flag or the United Nations flag or something, not the Stars and Stripes."

To a Canadian, accustomed to think of Eisenhower as the man everybody likes, it was a shock to realize that this woman hated him. To her he was the very symbol of all she had been taught to detest.

You don't have to be a native American, either, to contract some share of this feeling. Two days later, after Eisenhower had been nominated, I was talking to a shopgirl who turned out to be a fellow Nova Scotian. After we had swapped Maritime place names and acquaintances she asked what I thought of the convention. I said I thought almost all Canadians would be glad Eisenhower had won.

"It may be good news to you," said my ex-compatriot. "It isn't such good news for us. We have to pay the taxes."

Ancient prejudice of that kind, set alight long ago by the Chicago Tribune and other organs of isolation, had been fanned to a white heat by a campaign of really startling invective. In Canada

I have never heard such language, even between political parties in the heat of a general election, as these Republican Party factions were using against each other.

Jack Porter, head of the Eisenhower group from Texas which finally beat Henry Zweifel's hand-picked Taft slate, issued a press release on the letterhead of the Eisenhower office. It said in part:

"This Texas steal is the rottenest thing in American politics. Of course Zweifel doesn't want it (the hearing) televised. No thief wants to be caught in the act. . . Hitler never did anything rottenner than what Zweifel did in Texas."

On the day the nomination speeches were made the Taft committee prepared, over its own official signature, a broadsheet which was headed in 96-point black capitals "SKIN DEWEY." They ran off a few samples, took a look at the heading and decided it was a little too strong, so they transposed two letters and made it read "SINK DEWEY." Thus modified, it was handed out to the press while the seconds of Senator Taft were speaking.

"By now every delegate knows that it is Tom Dewey who is calling the shots in this convention," the message said. "He is not the candidate this time but he is the man who pulls the strings. He is the candidate in everything but name."

"Every delegate knows what Dewey and his ruthless team have been doing. They have no qualms and no scruples. They go to any lengths to pressure delegates . . ."

"Tom Dewey is the most cold-blooded, ruthless, selfish political boss in the United States today. He stops at nothing to enforce his will. His promises are worthless. He is the greatest menace the Republican Party has. Twice he led us down the road to defeat and now he is trying the same trick again hidden behind the front of another man."

"Behind Tom Dewey is the same old gang of eastern internationalists and Republican New Dealers who ganged up to sell the Republican Party down the river in 1940, in 1944 and in 1948. They are trying it again this year . . . Until and unless Dewey and Deweyism are crushed our party can never win and America can never be made safe from the insidious efforts of the New Dealers, whatever their party label, to take us down the road to socialism and dictatorship."

No doubt the trained seals who wrote that masterpiece are still working for the Republican Party, trying now to get Eisenhower elected. But what about the people, the gentle and naive and terrifyingly nice people, who believed such stuff? Have they too changed sides?

Adlai Stevenson hit the Republican solar plexus with one sentence in his speech accepting the Democratic nomination: "Is it the part of wisdom to change, for the sake of change, to a party with a split personality? To a leader whom we all respect, but who has been called upon to minister to a hopeless case of political schizophrenia?"

Only one thing can be said with certainty: Dwight David Eisenhower is the first Republican candidate since Theodore Roosevelt to have a chance, at least, of uniting these two wings of the party.

True, he has not turned out to be the instantaneous popular idol that some of his backers expected. Eisenhower is not particularly good at reading prepared speeches, and he has with him some of the same ghost writers who carpentered Thomas Dewey's losing

"A single fact is worth a shipload of argument." CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)



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campaign in 1948. They have managed on several occasions to obscure the natural charm which is Eisenhower's great gift. But the charm still shines through.

He demonstrated both these facts in a speech to the annual reunion of the 82nd Air-borne Division this summer. The address was preceded by a brief memorial service for the dead, and Eisenhower was visibly moved. Those who sat close by said he had tears in his eyes, and the whole audience knew he was speaking with some difficulty as he began.

"This is a deeply moving occasion to me," he said, "and it's entirely possible that I may break down before I finish."

He went on to tell why. The 82nd Air-borne Division had been part of every major operation he had ever commanded, from the beginning in North Africa to the very last operation of the war in Europe, the rescue of Denmark from Russian "liberation." But the time he remembered best, the time he would never forget was the D-Day operation in Normandy.

"The hardest decision I ever had to make," Eisenhower called it—whether or not to send in the 82nd and two other air-borne divisions to seize the bridges and gun emplacements behind the beaches. Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, the man whose job it was to know about air-borne troop movements, had advised against it all along. At the last minute he had come to Eisenhower with a personal appeal: "You can't do this, it's plain murder. You can't send American boys into such a spot." Leigh-Mallory estimated casualties for the air-borne divisions at eighty percent.

Eisenhower told them how he had walked up and down, alone, and made the decision to go ahead according to plan. He, Montgomery and Bradley were all agreed that the invasion plan couldn't be carried out otherwise—they simply had to have the air-borne attack.

And then he told, in a voice choked again with warm gratitude, how he had gone down to see the 82nd Air-borne Division and how the men themselves had eased the weight on his mind. How they had grinned at him and said, "Sure, we'll do it."

He had been trying ever since to pay the debt he owed to these men and the millions like them who had offered their lives for their country's honor and safety. He was still trying—trying to secure the peace they had bought. He didn't know what the future might hold, "but I'll tell you one thing, I'll never give up."

At those words the whole audience stood up in a spontaneous burst of cheering. If Eisenhower had stopped there his performance would have been perfect. Unhappily he continued. He gave this nonpolitical audience a condensed version of The Speech—the one the ghosts had composed for him, the one he'd been delivering at whistle stops from Denver to Des Moines. It wasn't bad—sensible enough, constructive enough—but as he droned on the emotional impact of his opening remarks was forgotten, and its glory faded into the light of common day.

But even Thomas Dewey's speech writers cannot wholly disguise the Eisenhower character. Here is a five-star general, with enough decorations to cover his chest from chin to belt-line, yet still a genuinely modest man who has lived America's favorite life story.

He was a poor boy. His father was a sober worthy industrious man who died at seventy-nine after a lifetime in humble manual jobs that never paid more than a hundred and fifty dollars a month. His mother, a remarkable

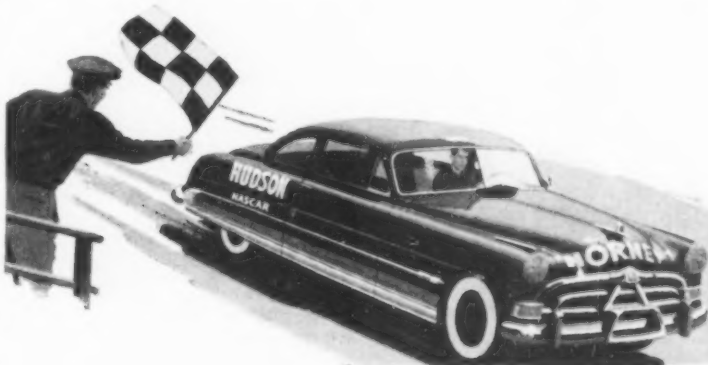
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woman, managed nevertheless to educate all six of her sons and launch them on successful careers.

It looked for years as if Dwight was the least successful of the lot. In the 1930s his youngest brother, Milton, now president of Pennsylvania State College, was a prominent man in the government service in Washington.

"Everyone knew Milton Eisenhower," an American civil servant once remarked, "and those who knew him well knew he had a brother in the army."

There wasn't much more to know. Dwight was two or three years late entering West Point, years he spent working nights, seven twelve-hour shifts a week, to help his brother Edgar through college. He was nearly twenty-five when he graduated. By 1940 he was still a lowly lieutenant-colonel, fifty years old, who had never in his life heard a shot fired in anger.

He still hadn't when he took command of the North African invasion.

These years of frustration and disappointment probably gave Dwight Eisenhower the unique advantages of personality which will, if anything will, win him the election. These years must have built his humility.

Eisenhower is quite ignorant of many important domestic issues and somewhat naive and old-fashioned in his reaction to others. But his humility keeps him out of many scrapes that his ignorance might lead him into.

"What's your view on the St. Lawrence Seaway?" a Canadian reporter asked him at a recent press conference.

"I don't know enough about it," Eisenhower replied. "This thing contains a lot of different problems—engineering, power development, material allocation. All I can say is, I hate to see Canada going ahead with it alone when we might be doing a share of the job and earning a share of the advantages."

That was a typical Eisenhower answer to a specific policy question. Taft men found it infuriating. Evasive, they called it: "Why doesn't he have the courage to say what he thinks?" Their man had never hesitated to state opinions. As a result his record is now cluttered with inconsistencies, but at least you can always tell where Senator Taft stands at any given moment.

Eisenhower people prefer Eisenhower's way. He didn't become the victor of North Africa and Sicily and Normandy and Germany by laying down new military doctrine, or taking sides in theoretical arguments. His genius lay in persuading the apostles of opposing doctrines to work together. And that, they say, is what the U. S. needs today.

Chester Wilmot, whose book, *The Struggle for Europe*, is sharply critical of American generals, says this of Eisenhower:

"In this post (Commander-in-Chief, North Africa) the personal and political integrity of the man was more important than the professional ability of the soldier. Others could and did provide expert and experienced leadership in the field, but nobody else revealed Eisenhower's remarkable capacity for integrating the efforts of different allies and rival services, and for creating harmony between individuals with varied backgrounds and temperaments."

Among the shocking divisions and hostilities of American politics today, it is again manifest that "the personal and political integrity of the man is more important than the professional ability" of the president. Whether or not Eisenhower can succeed in unifying the nation and restoring its self-confidence and its self-trust, he has at least shown more aptitude for doing so than



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anyone else in the Republican Party. But what about the "expert and experienced leadership in the field"? Has Eisenhower now, as he had in Africa and Normandy, the kind of devoted and competent subordinates who can win battles for him?

In one sense they are very competent indeed. It is amusing now to recall the remarks that were made about Senator Taft's support among professional politicians. Taft's professionals were a ludicrously obsolete lot, still using the methods that won a nomination for Taft's father (and incidentally lost the election) in 1912. Eisenhower's team, by contrast, was made up of 1952 professionals whose skill was unobtrusive but superb.

They recovered very fast from their initial overconfidence in the mere personality of "Ike." They saw at once they had a real fight on their hands and they fought it brilliantly, turning each of Taft's apparent victories into ever more serious defeats.

Taft controlled the machine in enough states to give him a very large first-ballot vote, probably the largest any candidate had ever rolled up in advance of a convention. Taft's "hard core" may be measured by the first vote of the convention, on the seemingly technical issue of amending the rules. He got 548 votes against a combined opposition of 658—an opposition which, at that time, was supposedly split among several candidates. In so far as there was a pre-convention bandwagon, Senator Taft was driving it.

Eisenhower strategists realized that if Taft were to register that amount of strength on the first ballot while the non-Taft vote was dispersed among three or four "favorite sons," the effect would be to establish a "trend for Taft" which could hardly fail to win him the nomination on the second or third ballot. Their problem was to find an issue which would unite all non-Taft votes in a showdown before the balloting itself had even begun.

They spotted that issue in early June at Mineral Wells, Texas. Taft men, controlling a machine which had kept the Republican Party a private club in Texas ever since the Civil War, had used their power to throw out some five hundred delegates to the state convention, legally elected and pledged to Eisenhower. At the machine level the Taft men won, not only at Mineral Wells but all the way up to the Republican National Committee. Not until the last minute did they realize that every victory they won in the machine was a defeat in the eyes of the public. Eisenhower's men had already made sure that the public was watching attentively.

Meanwhile the Eisenhower group had exceeded their own wildest hopes by persuading all twenty-five Republican governors, including three Taft supporters, to join in demanding a change of convention rules that would keep these contested delegates from voting on each other's cases. They called it "the fair play amendment," a label which was itself a victory.

Too late the Taft men realized how they'd fallen into the pit which they had dug. Desperately they offered compromises—they'd settle for half the Texas group, they'd give up Louisiana entirely. Anything to avoid that open vote on the convention floor which, as the Eisenhower side had known from the first, would unite the opposition and give the impression of a first-ballot defeat for Taft. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Eisenhower's backer, was adamant: "No deals."

All came about as the Eisenhower strategists had foreseen. This is not to imply that the moral issue was faked

or phony. There was a moral issue; the Texas and Louisiana "steals" really were disgraceful and it's surprising that a man of Senator Taft's proven integrity should have allowed such goings-on by even his least respectable supporters. But it does not follow that the Eisenhower side is made up exclusively of dewy-eyed idealists.

Until nomination day there had been a well-founded rumor that Frank J. Kenna, Republican leader in the Borough of Queens, would lead a dozen or more New York State delegates in a bolt for Taft, defying Governor Dewey's orders to vote Eisenhower.

"I just don't believe it," one of Dewey's men told reporters. "He may talk that way now, but in caucus he'll have to stand up and be counted. He knows, and if he doesn't know he will be told, that if he votes for Taft he'll lose all state patronage, all local patronage, and have a primary fight started against him in a matter of hours."

On the eve of balloting Kenna announced he had changed his mind and would vote for Eisenhower. The final New York vote was ninety-five for Eisenhower, one for Taft. Evidently the Taft charges of "ruthless pressure" were not without some foundation.

It's doubtful, though, whether this sort of thing matters two pins in appraising an Eisenhower administration. Governor Dewey may take a rough hand to keep his delegates in line, but he has a good record for administrative competence in New York State. What is more to the point, he has been on the international side in most of the great international issues of our time.

The same might be said of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Boston, another

"Eisenhower original" among American public men. Like Dewey, Cabot Lodge lacks popular appeal. He is suspected of being an incurable snob—"Lowells speak only to Cabots, and Cabots speak only to God"—and he has Dewey's gift for infuriating political opponents. But he, too, has a pretty consistent record of support for co-operation abroad and progressive social legislation at home.

But the great strength of the Eisenhower slate is Eisenhower. However ignorant he may be of detail and of specific issues, he has proved often enough that his heart is in the right place.

Senator Taft, for example, knows all about the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act by which, under Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, the United States has come quite a long way out of the tariff shell constructed by the last Republican Administration. Senator Taft is against it.

Eisenhower admitted, at an early press conference, that he knows nothing about it at all. But Eisenhower is the symbol and moving spirit of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the very voice of international co-operation. He couldn't be isolationist in economics.

A far graver question is whether Eisenhower would be able to carry out his own policies with a Republican Senate. There are all too many reasons for doubting it.

Under the American Constitution the lower chamber of Congress, the House of Representatives, is elected every two years but the Senate is elected one third at a time. Only thirty-two of the ninety-six senators are involved in any one election, and each is elected for a six-year term. (Because of vacancies and deaths there may in fact be one or two more

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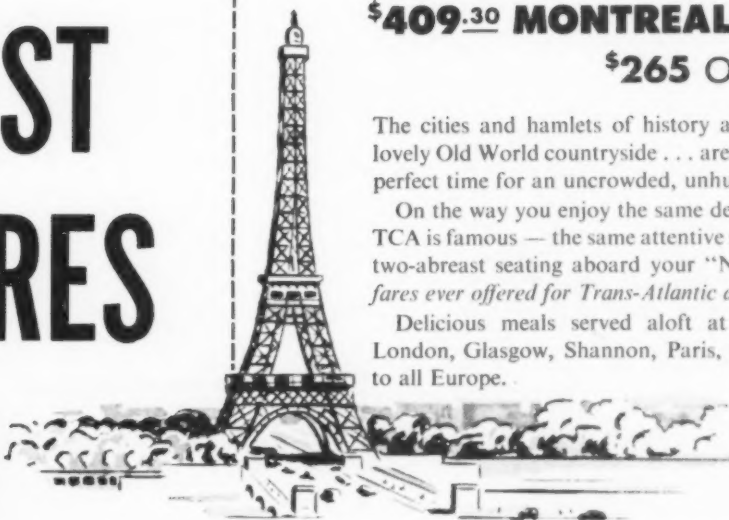
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senatorial seats involved this year.)

The present Senate has fifty Democrats and forty-six Republicans. To control the Senate the Republicans must have forty-nine seats and cut the Democrats to forty-seven. They must therefore hold every seat which is now Republican and, in addition, defeat three sitting Democrats.

In several of the thirty-two Senate seats now open, the Republican candidate is sure to win — states like Maine, Vermont. Others are Deep South states where, even if Eisenhower should win the electoral vote as he

hopes to do, the Democratic senator is certain of re-election. There are only twenty-four Senate seats in real doubt, and it is among these twenty-four that the Republicans must fight to hold what they have and gain three.

Michael Straight, editor of the liberal magazine, *New Republic*, recently made an analysis of these twenty-four seats which is acutely discouraging from the viewpoint of international co-operation. Of the twenty-four Republican candidates no fewer than eleven are proven isolationists, bitter and consistent enemies of everything Eisenhower

stands for. Five more are cool to his program; only five have a record of steady support for it, and the rest are doubtful. Yet Eisenhower as Republican candidate for president must do all he can to elect every one of these men and to defeat a Democratic slate which includes some of the warmest supporters of his program.

To take a few examples, Senator Joe McCarthy is running for re-election as a Republican in Wisconsin. Senator McCarthy is well known, among other things, for his low opinion of General George C. Marshall, Eisenhower's men-

tor and idol. Said McCarthy of Marshall: "I ask in all gravity whether a man so steeped in falsehood, who has recourse to the lie whenever it suits his convenience, is fit to hold so exalted a place (as U. S. Secretary of State)?"

Nevertheless it will be difficult, if not impossible, for Eisenhower to avoid campaigning for Joe McCarthy's re-election. Whatever he may think of McCarthy, he needs that Republican vote.

Another Republican whom Eisenhower can ill spare is William E. Jenner, of Indiana. In the same debate on Marshall's confirmation as Secretary of State, Jenner said: "General Marshall is not only willing, he is eager to play the role of front man for traitors. The truth is that this is no new role for him. General George C. Marshall is a living lie."

Of the Marshall Plan, which Eisenhower found to have effects "little short of miraculous," Jenner said: "With every day the Marshall Plan becomes more of a fraud and a swindle."

Another critic of the Marshall Plan is Senator James P. Kem of Missouri, who called it "a great political slush fund to assist the Labour Party and socialism in the coming British election." He called NATO "a sink-hole for untold billions of the money of American taxpayers."

Kem may be defeated in Missouri, but this is not a hope that Eisenhower can share. He must hope, instead, that a steady internationalist like Senator Dennis Chavez, Democrat of New Mexico, will be beaten by that windy old MacArthurite, Pat Hurley. He must hope that internationalists Joseph O'Mahoney in Wyoming and Blair Moody in Michigan go down before two former Congressmen who have been isolationist on almost every critical vote of the bipartisan policy.

This is Eisenhower's dilemma in victory. His defeat would create a different dilemma which might, in the long run, prove equally grave for the United States and for the free world.

Eisenhower's election has become a life-and-death necessity for the liberal wing of the Republican Party. This makes four times running that the Old Guard has been shoved out of the way. Once with Willkie and twice with Dewey they have been dragged along to defeat under the banner of "Me Too-ism." They believed then and they believe now that this compromise with "real Republican principles" caused the Republican downfall, and that Americans are waiting in millions for a chance to elect a "real Republican candidate."

If this fourth attempt ends in failure there will be no holding the Old Guard. The free world, now irretrievably committed to American leadership, will face either a perpetual Democratic Administration (perpetually riven and harried) or else a Republican regime in which Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune will be an authoritative voice, and Senator Joe McCarthy will be a tribune of the people. This time, the Colonel is grumbling that one candidate is as bad as the other. His leading editorial on the Republican nomination was entitled "A Feast for Vultures."

During the campaign, Eisenhower may be able to soften some of the forbidding realities but he will not be able to avoid them. If he is elected they'll still be with him at least to some extent. One of the inescapable—and perhaps tragic—anomalies of our times is that neither candidate Eisenhower nor (should the Republicans win) President Eisenhower can ever be exactly the same man the world knew so short a time ago as General Eisenhower. ★



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Stir Constantly

When Bob picks up a pot, a pan, some bacon and an innocent can of soup, what should be a simple lunch turns into a nerve-racking race

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

MY WIFE can start around four in the afternoon getting something ready to simmer, stew or brown for supper, and from then on put things on to bake, boil or fry at irregular intervals, and at six o'clock have it all come out even. But whenever I try cooking more than two things for the same meal the whole thing ends like the last furlong of an event at the Woodbine.

The trouble, I think, starts with my habit of selecting the order in which things should go on the stove according to which one looks the coldest. When I'm whipping up a full-scale meal, as I occasionally do when my wife is downtown shopping and I'm left to get lunch for myself and for Mary when she comes home from school, this means that I usually start with something like bacon, because it's nearly frozen, or left-over beans.

I always start out all right: putting a few pieces of bread in the toaster and calmly heating, say, a saucepan full of beans. If I could just stand there watching the beans I'd be okay. But I realize that I have to do something else or I won't have bacon, eggs, tomatoes, fried potatoes, tomato soup or peanut-butter sandwiches—or anything to eat them off. I open a tin of soup, empty it into a saucepan, get out the milk, remember that I haven't started the coffee, put the milk down, put the coffee on, and drop a few eggs into the frying pan.

I've had a notion running through my head since I started—grilled bacon. It sounds delicious. I get my wife's cookbook and start to look up grilled bacon, but I have to put it down to read the directions on the soup, which says, "stir constantly."

Beginning to panic, I start stirring the soup with one hand while I baste the eggs. Then I smell the toast burn-

ing and notice nervously out of the corner of my eye that the beans are boiling around the edge. I realize with horror that I can't stop stirring the soup. I leave the eggs and stir the beans with my other hand and remember that I have to slice tomatoes and set the table. There's a feeling of mounting tension.

I finally drop both stirring spoons, stand there for a moment biting my nails. Then I make one great final effort. I snatch up the cookbook, find "Grill—See Broil," drop the thing in the middle of the floor, throw six slices of bacon in with the eggs. Mary comes home from school and I scream, "Don't speak to me!"

Things are sizzling, perking, toasting, burning with increasing tempo. I begin to make little stabbing motions like somebody trying to put out a grass fire. I shake the beans, blow my fingers, flip the toaster, baste the eggs, turn the bacon and shake the soup. I start to shake everything. I shake the coffee percolator. I shake Mary. I start to talk to myself. I know something is going to burn, boil over or explode. I'd yell for my wife, but I know she couldn't hear me.

I usually end up by turning everything off and eating the meal the way it is: half of it burned or boiled dry, with a thin skin over it; the rest lukewarm and just starting to cook, or black on the outside and red inside. Mary then asks after the first bite, "Daddy, can I go back to school?"

All in all, I've realized since I tried cooking on a major scale that without my wife I'd soon be eating my food raw and snarling at anyone who came too close; and now, when at six o'clock, she coolly announces, "All right, supper's ready," I realize that women may be queer, but they have their place. ★



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Lakehead Twins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

know he was crossing the boundary except for an archway erected by Port Arthur. Entering Port Arthur from Fort William (the names are never abbreviated), a sign on the archway reads: Welcome to Port Arthur. Going the other way, it says: Many a Happy Return (in large letters) to Port Arthur (in much smaller letters).

Dividing the two communities, as well, is the natural rivalry of most sister cities. If a national company is known to be contemplating opening a branch in the district each tries to acquire it. Each has its own particular strong point and each praises that one while minimizing the value of the other's. Port Arthur loves its hills and homes, Fort William its industry and aggressiveness. One time a visitor to Port Arthur, aware that the Canadian ski championships once had been held on Fort William's Mount McKay, happened to remark that snow conditions must be ideal there. "I really couldn't say," commented the Port Arthur native coolly, "we always ski at Mount Baldy." Thus, even nature is not above reproach.

In this kind of rivalry, then, there is little chance of amalgamation, although one time the bombastic mayor of Port Arthur, Charles Wynanns Cox ("Call me Charlie; people who call me Mr. Cox never vote for me") actually ran for mayor of Fort William on a platform favoring amalgamation. He was defeated, but narrowly, and those who supported him insist he could have won easily had he not uttered that dread word. "No other man, alive or dead, could ever come closer than Charlie Cox to effecting a union," Mayor Cox, who frequently refers to himself in the third person, reflected modestly the other day. "Great economy would have swept the cities at the head of the great inland seas."

Columnist Jack Scott once wrote in the Vancouver Sun after an interview with the mayor: "In the Canadian garden of good grey politicians whose watchword is caution, Charlie Cox, of Port Arthur, whose watchword is Charlie Cox, is a rare flower." Rare, indeed! Cox, now a timber contractor who owns a two-tone Cadillac, a blue Buick and a pale-blue Lincoln and lives in a three-bathrooomed mansion on a beautifully landscaped corner lot up on Port Arthur's "hill," is the most controversial figure at the Lakehead. He was elected mayor fifteen consecutive years, lost in 1948 but was elected member of the Ontario Legislature for Fort William. In the last provincial election in 1951 he lost his seat but right away was returned as mayor of Port Arthur. A few days after his election last December he was on the front pages of most Canadian newspapers again; unmarked ballots were found fluttering down Cumberland

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Street and up back alleys and a feverish investigation followed.

"If I hadn't been involved nothing much would have been said about it," Cox relates, "but because it was me the implication was strong that I had 'fixed' the election with phony ballots." Eventually it was found that the printer who printed the ballots had run off some sample copies and then had dumped them into his garbage container. When the garbage got knocked over the ballots blew all over town.

Cox, through the Forties, was not popular with the Port Arthur newspaper. Prior to one of his campaigns he said he hoped the News-Chronicle would oppose him so he'd be sure to win. The paper's editor, O. F. Young, refused thereafter to print Cox's name, referring to him only as "the mayor." Young, asked about this some years later, banged his fist on his desk and shouted: "That man's name hasn't appeared in the News-Chronicle in five years and it never will as long as I have anything to say about it." He relented only once. Cox was fined thirty-five dollars for careless driving and his name was duly recorded in the news columns. Since the purchase of the News-Chronicle a year ago by Roy Thomson, Canada's most ardent collector of newspapers, the policy has been altered. Now, Cox gets as much printer's ink as anybody.

Cox can be an arresting view. I visited him recently in the two cluttered upstairs rooms that serve as his timber business headquarters and mayor's office, and found him kneeling over a large warren containing fifteen golden hamsters. He was feeding lettuce to the animals, one of whom was strolling endlessly along a squeaking treadmill. A huge plant, resembling a small palm tree, spread its branches low over the warren. From time to time people would stroll into the office and out again, apparently only to pass the time of day. Cox would introduce them to me, rarely mentioning my name and getting it wrong when he did. Twice he mentioned that "he's gonna write a story about the Lakehead" and each time he drew a laugh when he added: "He'll write up Charlie Cox if he writes up the two cities, that's for sure. What else is there to write about?" The mayor was wearing his hat—a turned-up fedora, royal-blue shirt, red, navy-blue and black twisted tie and badly creased brown gabardine trousers. At one point a collie dog strolled in. "Hi Lassie," remarked the mayor, "shake hands with Mr. Fraser." The dog did, too.

Cox is not popular with aldermen, schoolteachers and civic employees, partly because he decries the duplication of utilities in the two cities. He calls city clerks "tenderfoots" and schoolteachers "powder puffs." He is blind in his left eye and his left cheek is disfigured, both the result of an acid burn. A schoolteacher inflicted the damage thirteen years ago for reasons never quite clear. Under his turned-up fedora, Cox has a robust growth of steel-grey hair. Two years ago a reporter wrote that he was sixty-eight years old. "I'm nowhere near it," Cox says indignantly. He is of medium height, with a flat hard-looking body that reflects a life of farmer, cowboy, railroader and woodsman.

The mayor of Fort William, Hubert Badanai, is the complete antithesis of his rambunctious counterpart, Cox. Quiet-spoken and reserved, the trim black-haired mayor never has been involved in such turmoil as surrounds Port Arthur's chief executive. He is a successful businessman who runs the Buick dealership at the Lakehead. On the surface, at least, there is no rivalry between him and Cox. In fact, the

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Coast to Coast

rivalry between the cities nowadays is nothing like the bitter thing it was, say, sixty years ago when the newspapers hurled editorial bricks almost daily.

The rivalry began to assert itself in the 1890s, ten years after the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed. At that time the CPR's terminal point at the Lakehead was Port Arthur and the town council, noting the railway had paid no taxes, demanded them. When they weren't forthcoming the council seized a locomotive in the railway yards and impounded it. This so infuriated Sir William Van Horne, president of the railway, who had been general manager of railway construction at the Lakehead, that he declared he'd live to see grass grow on Cumberland Street before he'd spend any more of his company's money at Port Arthur. The terminal was thereupon moved to Fort William, although Port Arthur still retained the business of small independent lines. Amalgamation of these all across Canada resulted in a second transcontinental line, operated by the government and named, in Dec. 1918, the Canadian National Railways. Port Arthur became the CNR's Lakehead divisional point, or headquarters, although it was located nearly a hundred miles south of the main line.

At the turn of the century Port Arthur asked provincial permission to annex property south of its border that would take in the mouth of the Kam River. Fort William battled the proposal and the Times-Journal called it "a cheeky demand from a cheeky neighbor." When the sanction was refused a nameless Port Arthur councilor was quoted as saying: "We are fortunate. The territory is a dismal swamp fit only for a dwelling place for frogs and snakes." Fort William had no higher regard for Port Arthur land. The Times-Journal ran this joke of the day:

First capitalist: Well, how is Port Arthur's credit?

Second capitalist: Looking up, looking up.

(A week later, during which first capitalist has invested in Port Arthur real estate.)

First capitalist: What did you mean, telling me that Port Arthur credit was looking up?

Second capitalist: Mean? Why, I meant just what I said — it's looking up. It's flat on its back and can't look any other way.

Today most of the intercity rivalry is of a commercial nature. Each city makes strong bids for new industry and each shows a steady increase in the gross value of manufactured products. Of seventy-four million dollars' worth of business in the latter category, Fort William did forty-six million. This growth is in excess of the Ontario average.

Although Fort William was incorporated as a city only sixty years ago, it actually is close to one hundred and eighty years older than Port Arthur. A trading post was established in 1678 on the bank of the Mission River by Daniel Greysolon Sieur de LaHut, after whom Duluth was named. In 1717 Robertel La Noue rebuilt the fort on the Kam River but it was given up in 1758 when the French concentrated on the defense of eastern Canada. It was rebuilt again in 1798 by Roderick McKenzie who moved northward from Minnesota. The Northwest Fur Trading Company acquired it in 1803 and called it the New Fort. Several years later, it was named Fort William, after William McGillivray, governor of the Northwest company.

After the merger between the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Company in 1821 Fort William fell on poor times

because the HBC took its trade via Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg and built the famous Norway House as its headquarters on the northern tip of Lake Winnipeg. In 1867, after Confederation, purchase of the HBC's rights was negotiated in London so that the government of Upper and Lower Canada could open the western prairies to settlement. The HBC retained certain acreage around its posts, including Fort William, so the government decided to have an independent settlement at the Lakehead and the slopes on the north shore of Thunder Bay were chosen for this village in 1857. It was called, merely, the Depot and the man put in charge of the settlement by the government was Robert McVicar, retired after years of service with the HBC. Today in Port Arthur there is a McVicar Street, a McVicar Creek and the McVicar Flats. In 1869 the settlement became known as the Station when Simon J. Dawson began construction of the Dawson Road over which thousands of immigrants traveled to the west.

Wolseley's expeditionary force camped at the Station in 1870 en route to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) to suppress the Red River Rebellion and he named the spot Prince Arthur's Landing in honor of Prince Arthur, the seventh child of Queen Victoria. Later, Prince Arthur became governor-general of Canada. When the CPR began construction along Lake Superior William Van Horne, the general manager, decided in 1884 to find a more suitable name for the railway station. He called it Port Arthur to preserve the memory of Prince Arthur and to honor his close friend, Chester Alan Arthur, the twenty-first president of the United States. Thus, Port Arthur's name honors an American president and a British prince.

J. P. Bertrand, former chairman of the Lakehead Historical Society, recalls that when first he settled in Port Arthur fifty years ago "men of deep culture and imposing personalities" were the community leaders. In Port William he recalls the names of the McKellars, the McIntyres, the Manions, the Vickers and the McNaughtons. In Port Arthur were the Marks, the Wileys, the Clavets, the Nicholsons, the Emersons and the Becks. As the west opened and the east continued to grow more industrialized the Lakehead became more isolated, he recalls, and gradually people from Finland, Italy and the Ukraine worked hard to establish themselves in their new home at Fort William and Port Arthur.

Today, the Lakehead has a stolid, reasonably conservative character, with sons of former emigrants, who arrived penniless, now in a good position in business and the professions. Close to the two cities there is considerable commercial gardening and dairying and beyond lies the limitless potential of the great forests and mining fields.

Port Arthur's uninhibited mayor, Charlie Cox, was talking about the Lakehead and its possible future growth one time and somebody asked him how he'd come to settle there. "Why, I dunno, really," he replied thoughtfully. "Is there some other place?" ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

But what about a man like Senator Estes Kefauver?

No political machine, no party faction backed Kefauver. He is not by any means a rich man—lives in Washington in a comfortable but not elaborate home which carries a substantial mortgage, even as yours and mine. Yet he ran a personal campaign which carried him into all forty-eight states and which cost (by an estimate which he admits is not far wrong) some three hundred thousand dollars. At the end of it he had a deficit of thirty thousand, but he said some friends of his would make it up.

Why should they? Why should anybody be interested in financing one man's campaign to become merely the nominee, not even the president?

Again there may be some enlightenment in a Canadian example.

Last spring, shortly before the six by-elections in which the Progressive Conservatives did so remarkably well, there was a sudden outbreak of rumors that George Drew was about to be fired as Progressive Conservative leader and replaced by John Diefenbaker. The statement cropped up in one or two gossip columns, one or two news letters, all in the period of a few weeks. Reporters in Ottawa checked the story and could find no grain of truth in it.

Over a cup of coffee one morning, a prominent Progressive Conservative voiced the suspicion that these rumors

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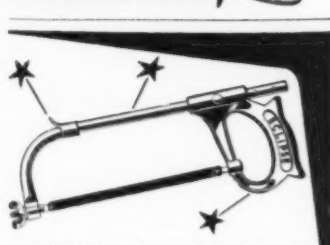
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Continued from page 70

were neither accident nor coincidence. He didn't think John Diefenbaker had anything to do with them personally, but he did think they were deliberately planted.

Why on earth should they be? What was it worth to anybody to replace the leader of a party in Opposition?

"It's worth more than you might think," the PC replied. "I'm not talking about graft or corruption, either. There are perfectly legitimate party expenses which add up to a lot of money and a lot of business for somebody."

"Take just one example. In 1949 our advertising and publicity was handled by one Toronto firm, and it was a big account. If some other company could help another man get the party leadership, and be rewarded with the campaign advertising account, it'd be worth a lot of money and trouble. Mind you, there's nothing improper about this. The work has to be done, and the company will be competent to do it, you can be quite sure of that. But there'll be other outfits just as competent, and they won't get the business because they didn't have the same foresight."

This particular scheme, if it was a scheme, he judged to be entirely tentative. He didn't believe Diefenbaker had any part in it, or indeed knew anything about it. But he thought the idea was to start the rumor before the by-elections so that, if the Progressive Conservatives lost ground as some of them expected to do, the groundwork would be laid for a major drive against George Drew's leadership. If Diefenbaker wouldn't play they could get somebody else.

Without knowing anything at all about Senator Kefauver's financial affairs, you can see how this reasoning would apply in his case. If Senator Douglas' guess at the cost of a presidential campaign is anywhere near right, the Democratic candidate would spend about six million dollars whether he won or lost the election. To get a major slice of that business, an investment of only three hundred thousand would look like a sound speculation.

• • •

One new item of expense facing Canadian political parties in the 1953 campaign will be embarrassing in more ways than one. What's Canada going to do about political television programs?

On the radio it's fairly simple. Network time cannot be bought by any party because that would give too great an advantage to the well heeled. Free time is doled out in proportions that are fixed by interparty consultation with the CBC, in accordance with the number of MPs previously elected, number of candidates entered and so on. The cost, which is not excessive, becomes part of CBC's operating expenditure.

Televising is a different matter. It is fabulously expensive, but at the same time it is fabulously effective compared to radio broadcasting—holds attention as the voice alone can't do. If TV stations are treated like "local" radio stations and left open to purchase at will, the richer parties will gain a tremendous advantage. If on the other hand TV time is offered free to the major political groups, the Canadian taxpayer will be putting up a considerable sum for the education of voters in Toronto, Montreal and their respective suburbs.

A somewhat similar problem will arise in a few years' time when the Liberals hold a convention to choose Prime Minister St. Laurent's successor. It was pure coincidence last time that

the Progressive Conservatives held one the same year; it just happened that John Bracken and William Lyon Mackenzie King terminated their political careers about the same time. Assuming that George Drew will be Progressive Conservative leader long after the septuagenarian Prime Minister has retired, what's the fair thing to do about covering the convention of one party?

And if it is covered, who's to pay for it? The popular guess at the cost of TV coverage of the American conventions this summer was ten million dollars. Of that sum, about eight millions were put up by sponsors and the television networks paid the rest themselves. But it would be a bit of an innovation to have private industry sponsoring a political broadcast of that magnitude over a publicly owned TV system.

When the financial problem is settled, another will remain. How can Canadians put on a convention that will be worth watching on TV?

Political tradition in the United States might almost have been a deliberate preparation for the advent



TREE IN AUTUMN

Its varicolored raiment pleases

A man of my aesthetic makeup.

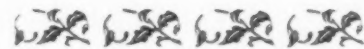
But then the brisk autumnal breezes

Begin to give its limbs a shake-up.

And shortly all a fellow sees is

A bunch of withered leaves to rake up!

—Richard Wheeler



of television. The parades, the placards, the buttons, the bands, the drum majorettes and the wild Indians may not make much sense but they give the camera something to fall back on when the oratory runs thin.

Also, the proceedings themselves are livelier than ours. One of the big moments in the Republican convention was when Governor John Fine, of Pennsylvania, lost his temper, rushed to the platform for a violent squabble with National Chairman Guy Gabrielson, then rushed back to his delegation to bray out an angry blast over the air. The point at issue was purely technical—he'd asked for an adjournment so that his delegation might caucus, and the request was refused—but the effect was dramatic.

This sort of thing seems to happen all the time in U. S. politics. Factional wrangles which in Canada would be shunted into private rooms, and would become known days later, if at all, are staged in public without inhibition and without warning. Actually it's a little unfair to the poor delegate, who is often the last person to find out what's going on. In Chicago it was commonplace to see delegates carrying portable radio sets to their places on the floor, so that they could hear the speeches and also learn what was happening in the various corners of the hall. But to the TV audience it's wonderful.

Nothing like it happened in Ottawa in 1948, at either Liberal or Progressive Conservative deliberations. If our parties want to put their next show on the air, they'd better start now thinking up some new acts. ★

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SEAL FAST

BOWES "SEAL FAST" COMPANY, LTD.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



WIT AND WISDOM



HOW ABOUT WORK? The best way to hold a job is to cultivate personality says a psychologist. *Calgary Herald.*

SOCIAL GRACE In the final analysis dancing simply means moving your feet faster than your partner can tread on them. *Stratford (Ont.) Beacon-Herald.*

MAGIC EYE It operates when a wife says that invisible article is right there in front of you and when she points, it is. *Victoria Colonist.*

NO PAYOFF The world hasn't yet been inherited by the meek but it is being largely supported by them. *Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard.*

SELECT CIRCLE Select your friends from several blocks away and you won't meet them so often after you have fallen out. *Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

AND A TOUGH CLIMB All that stands between the college graduate and the top of the ladder is the ladder. *Niagara Falls (Ont.) Review.*

GOOD OLD DAYS? The trouble in the old days when a shave and a haircut cost a quarter was to find the quarter. *Halifax Mail Star.*

BELOW PAR By the time a man can afford to lose a golf ball he can't hit it that far. *Kitchener-Waterloo (Ont.) Record.*

THE CRIES HAVE IT A perfect example of minority rule is a baby in the house. *Toronto Star.*

ROLL THEM LAZYBONES It was pay-day in camp and by evening one of the soldiers had most of his pals' money. Feeling generous he called out, "I've got a dollar for the laziest man here!"

All the men except one jumped up to claim it. That man merely drawled: "Just roll me over, buddy, and slip the buck in my pocket." *Fort William (Ont.) Times Journal.*

THE TABBY TARGET A woman answered her door bell and found a small boy standing there with a bow and arrow in his hand. "Lady," he pleaded, "can I have my other arrow?"

"Yes," she agreed kindly, "if I can get it for you. Where is it?"

The boy studied his toes for a moment: "It's stuck in your cat." *Vancouver Fisherman.*

CAUSE FOR ALARM "Why is Smith pacing up and down in front of his house like that?"

"He's awfully worried about his wife."

"Is that so? What's she got?"

"The car." *Red Deer (Alta.) Advocate.*

ENOUGH'S ENOUGH Thirteen-year-old Joe was talking over the girl problem with his pal, Willie. "I've walked to school with her three times," he said, "and carried her books. I bought her ice-cream sodas twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?"

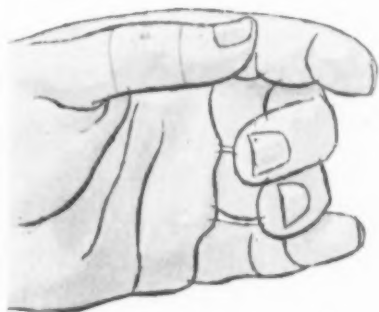
Willie thought for a moment. "Naw, you don't need to. You've done enough for that girl already." *Montreal Star.*



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Breakfast in a hurry. Save time—cook the family porridge in a WEAR-EVER Double Boiler! Perfect for puddings and sauces.



**Lunch! FROM A
WEAR-EVER COVERED BROILER**

Feeling like fried chicken? Braised vegetables? Preserve their tempting flavor by using your WEAR-EVER Covered Broiler! Like poached eggs? Poaching Rack and Cups may be purchased to fit.



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MAILBAG



SHE LIKES INEFFICIENCY

Lately the family's been living on hash while Mom, the drudge, divides her time between wearing the mantle of martyrdom, practicing Sidney Margolius' household hints, and tracking down efficiency. (Home—The Last Sweatshop, July 1.)

Perhaps the hoax of Leisure in an Age of Efficiency is that we don't know Leisure when we see it. Sitting on the back lawn and sewing on a sunny afternoon; mending by the fireside in the evening, listening to the radio, are work, but they're not drudgery. They can be fun.

On the material plane at least, one of the ends of life would seem to be an effective freedom of choice—to be in a position to be free to choose a Cadillac, a West Indian cruise, an antique vase, custom-made clothes. Or again, one may choose to be "inefficient."

For example, in daily use in our household is a goose-feather tick that my great-grandmother put together. I wouldn't be surprised if I spent the equivalent of twelve hours a year shaking up those feathers; and I am convinced that modern spring-filled, air-foam mattresses are comfortable and efficient, but I'll choose my feathers, thank you. Handed down from daughter to daughter, that tick has crossed the continent from Nova Scotia to a Nevada mining camp, to a Montana ranch, to an Alberta homestead. I'm not trading in my two-minute daily history and geography lesson just to be efficient.

By the same token, so long as I have the faculty to enjoy stepping out in a sun-warmed morning (not necessarily, and preferably not a Monday one) and hanging out clean clothes to billow in a breeze before reeling them in smelling fresh and sweet, I'll not crave the more efficient spin dryer. I haven't ironed sheets for years. I haven't polished floors since I tried self-polishing waxes for both linoleum and hardwood floors. I wouldn't part with my vacuum cleaner, nor my capacious, convenient new refrigerator. But I'm keeping those other two marks of inefficiency. What are yours?—Mrs. Olive S. Hamilton, Edmonton.

One Beard Heard From

For years past I have read Maclean's and have rarely found a bone of contention in your articles. Now I am ready to growl over an article by one



of your writers, one Bob Collins. (Who Wants to Kiss a Man With a Beard? Aug. 1.)

Surely Mr. Collins must be a mere beardless youth in order to have concocted such a singular compilation of

misleading facts about adult males of the genus homo. I have a beard eight months old and would not part with it for all of public opinion. Even the lorgnetted ladies become so surprised and pleased with it that they fail to snap their glasses on a stick; they just stare in admiration. The bobby-soxers merely swoon with delight.

Bob quotes Dorothy Lamour's wise-crack about kissing a broom. Let me advise you, gentlemen, that I am now more, in social demand than I was when I let my bare face hang out; and I'm past the half-century mark in years. —Floyd E. Bock, Toronto.

• I've sometimes thought that I would like

To grow a gracious long white beard. It could prove a means whereby My sinking ego might be cheered.

If philosophic beard I grew It would be lovely, would it not? 'Twould make me look as if I had The wisdom that I haven't got.

But no, on second thought I think That this excuse would be too thin. I rather think I would not like To sport a bird's nest on my chin.

—Arthur Nowers, Niagara Falls.

More Inefficiency

The cover of Aug. 1 is not the way the average woman would make jam. More sensible shoes would be worn, the



preserving kettle would be beside her to fill the jars, and the right hand used to pour with. —Mrs. Jas. Gawne, Naramata, B.C.

Burgundy Preferred

The nodding angel who recorded the Silent Struggle at Laval (Aug. 1) has put me in a predicament inasmuch as friends may believe I had been keeping my preference a secret, and from now on offer me only a beer—probably at room temperature if I grasp the implication of "a case of beer sitting by his desk." Yet the plain fact remains that a glass of Red Burgundy (imported) preferably with Camembert, or a Scotch-and-soda, will on occasion be not less welcome than before. It is my wife who, more true to her Flemish nature, likes a small beer (one part soda water added) with her Sunday dinner.

But I do appreciate that to a creative mind the temptation to blend a truckload of fine Canadian beer with someone who has written on *la sobriété* might at any rate have been overwhelming. —Charles De Koninck, Laval University, Quebec City. ★

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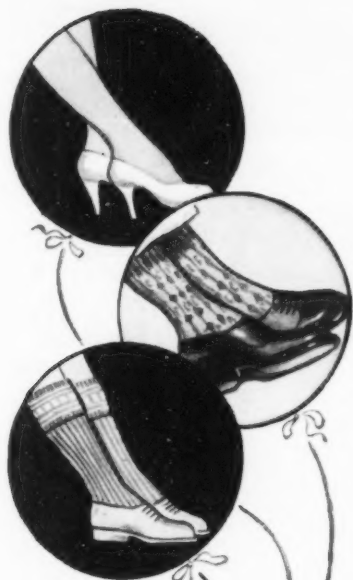
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Stevenson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

to Republicans. Each was expected to restore the unity of his party and the confidence of the public.

In the second task, restoring public confidence, Eisenhower started with a considerable advantage. Early opinion polls showed him far ahead of any Democrat. But to retain this head start he must succeed also in restoring party unity, and here the advantage lies with Stevenson.

On the night before the Democratic convention opened I dropped into a television studio where, for the fifth time that day, the "five leading candidates" for nomination were to appear on a forum broadcast.

You'd have had to be at the Republican convention to realize what remarkable TV programs these were. A television debate between Taft and Eisenhower would have been inconceivable—quite literally they were not speaking to each other. I saw one TV encounter between two of their supporters and before the half-hour show was over they were nearly at each other's throats.

This quintet of Democrats was the "deadlock slate." Stevenson was not yet in the running. These were the men whose followers were supposed to be so irreconcilable that the Democratic Party was about to explode—not merely to part with the little splinter which walked out in 1948 to form the States Rights or Dixiecrat Party, but to break in pieces. The danger was perfectly real, too. The differences of view on domestic policy, especially on the guarantee of civil rights to the Negro, were so deep and wide that many despaired of unity.

Yet it was perfectly obvious to anyone in the studio, or indeed to the whole TV audience, that these five men were not personal foes. Senator Richard Russell, the favorite son of Dixie, exchanged a warm grin and a handshake with Averell Harriman, the uncompromising northern liberal. Senator Robert Kerr, the Oklahoma oil millionaire who hoped to rise from log cabin to White House, was friendly with everyone. All three deferred to the party's Nestor, the venerable Alben Barkley.

Senator Estes Kefauver was late—the show was on the air when he tiptoed in. Averell Harriman, his rival for the liberal vote and one who had been persuaded to run expressly to block Kefauver, gave him a genial grin and a pat on the shoulder as he slipped into his chair.

They were equally harmonious in what they said. All five were enthusiastic in lambasting the Republicans; none said a word against any other. Harriman and Kefauver were asked whether it was true, as alleged, that they were ganging up against Senator Russell. They said no, what ever gave anybody that idea?

Russell bridled a little, the nearest thing to a show of indignation in the whole half-hour program: "Well, you fellows are both trying to unseat delegates from Texas and Mississippi who support me. If that isn't ganging up, I don't know the meaning of the words."

Averell Harriman beamed at him: "We don't object to those delegates because they support you. We object because they ain't Democrats, and if they ain't Democrats we don't want 'em."

A week later, when the convention was all over and Harriman's staff was dismantling his headquarters, one of them said, "Well, at least Averell won't have to say 'ain't' any more."

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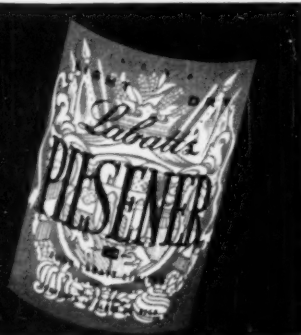
smoothness of this new Canadian beer. Labatt's Pilsener, with its clean, refreshing tang, is a new favourite among Canadian beer drinkers. You try it! Which city is which? On the left, Quebec City; on the right, Prague. John Labatt Limited.

"Labatt's Pilsener Beer reaches a very high standard of excellence."

Signed . . .

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It was indeed a major consolation. The efforts of this heir to a forty-million-dollar railroad empire to make himself a simple son of the people were as earnest as they were distressing.

When Harriman first consented to run, President Truman is reported to have said: "You can't make a barefoot boy out of Averell." It often seemed that Harriman was trying to disprove this remark by taking off his shoes in the middle of Michigan Boulevard.

His campaign song was I've Been Working on the Railroad. Pretty girls were employed to carry placards saying "We Crave Ave." What with one thing and another it was evident that whatever qualifications Harriman had for high office they did not include a sense of humor. There was even a touch of the absurd in his policy position—this multimillionaire appearing as the poor man's most militant friend. It made his supporters uncomfortable.

Senator Russell was miscast, too, as the White Knight of Dixie. A gentle amiable man with a high bald dome and large ears projecting at right angles, Russell doesn't look or sound like a diehard. In Congress he has distinguished himself not for devotion to doctrine, but for moderation and common sense. In 1948 when four southern states went Dixiecrat, Russell kept Georgia in the Democratic Party. This year his rather pathetic last-minute attempt to appease labor by denouncing the Taft-Hartley Act (he had voted for it, and against its repeal) made no impression on labor but infuriated the southern conservatives who were his only real support.

Senator Estes Kefauver was different. He represented no bloc at all, though he was making a play for the liberals. Kefauver was running for no particular reason except that he very much wanted to be president, and his personal hand-shaking campaign through forty-eight states had won him considerable popular backing. The regular Democratic organization, which agreed on nothing else, did agree wholeheartedly that it didn't want Kefauver.

They Distrust Kefauver

Because Kefauver first won fame by exposing links between politics and organized crime, the legend has grown up that his opponents were the machine bosses whose sins he revealed. This is less than half the truth. In fact Kefauver is distrusted by many a colleague whose honesty is above suspicion. They think Kefauver is a man of limited experience and mediocre talents who has been consumed and corroded by personal ambition. Washington reporters agree.

Partly to stop Kefauver, partly to heal the breach between Russell and Harriman supporters, Vice-President Alben Barkley had been persuaded to run. Even a total stranger can see at a glance that Barkley is a dear old man, and so regarded. He has no enemies in the Democratic Party, and probably none anywhere else. Never bright but always loyal, never known to forget a friend or remember an enemy, "Dear Alben" Barkley was the ideal choice to soothe factional bitterness and unite all good Democrats regardless of region or ideology.

Barkley's entry was no bluff. Had Stevenson persisted in his refusal to run, Barkley would probably have won. This proved the gravity of the party split, for the whole Barkley movement was a strategy of despair. No one really thought a man of seventy-four could be elected president. Barkley's real assignment was to keep the party intact in defeat.

But even knowing that, and knowing the Democrats knew it, you couldn't

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help being impressed by the personal friendliness of these men. They might lead incompatible blocs, but they looked and sounded like a team. After the kicking, gouging and biting that the Republicans had displayed, you could understand the cheeriness of one delegate as we filed out of the studio: "You know, I think we could even beat Eisenhower with Bob Kerr."

Later that night I discovered that even the rank and file, the "irreconcilable" regional groups, had no strong personal grudge against any candidate. Southerners opposed Harriman, northerners opposed Russell not because of personal dislike but because they themselves couldn't be elected under that leadership.

"I like Dick Russell and I think he'd make a good president," said a delegate from New Haven, Conn. "But in my district the biggest group of voters are the Italians, next the Poles, then the Negroes. They're all steamed up over this civil rights issue. If they knew I supported Russell, I'd be licked at the next election."

A Negro delegate from New York City's Harlem was even more detached: "My people wouldn't actually vote Republican," he said. "They just wouldn't vote at all. Ordinarily I get out 150,000 votes in a presidential election, maybe 110,000 in a state election, 85,000 to 90,000 in a city

election. If we get a weak platform that hedges on civil rights I'll only be able to get out the 90,000 instead of the 150,000 that we need."

"You see, upstate New York is always Republican. The Republicans always have a majority of at least 600,000 when they get down to the edge of the Bronx. Then if it's a Democratic year, New York City brings in a majority of 750,000 for the Democrats and we carry the state by 150,000. But if my guys stay home, we won't get that city vote and we'll lose."

Obviously these people were not irreconcilables. They were merely leaderless, ripe and ready for loyalty to some factionally neutral figure. Hence their delight when, in the very first hour of the Democratic convention, Adlai Stevenson gave clear indication that he was available if they needed him.

As Governor of Illinois he had to give an address of welcome to the delegates. It could have been a routine effort, the sort he would have given to a visiting chamber of commerce. It could even have been a flat refusal of the General Sherman type. Instead it was the best political speech of the whole week until, at two o'clock Saturday morning, Stevenson himself spoke again to accept nomination.

After that second oration, gamblers' odds fell from eight to five on Eisenhower down to even money. A local bookmaker explained this to a Chicago Sun-Times columnist: "I didn't understand that speech of his, but it sounded a lot like Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Indeed, the more the Democrats looked into the background of this relatively unknown Governor of Illinois, the more like Franklin D. Roosevelt they found him to be.

Like FDR he is the scion of a distinguished family. One of his more remote ancestors was the commanding officer of Lieutenant George Washington in the colonial army of His Majesty George III. A great-grandfather, Jesse Fell, was the man who persuaded Abraham Lincoln to stand for the Republican nomination in 1860. His paternal grandfather Adlai Stevenson I was Vice-President of the United States in Grover Cleveland's second term, 1893-97. His father Lewis Green Stevenson was Secretary of State of Illinois.

Like FDR he has had a long apprenticeship in responsible though relatively obscure positions including—by a really striking coincidence—that of assistant to the secretary of the navy. He had already demonstrated his interest in co-operation of the free world by organizing, in the very shadow of Colonel McCormick's Tribune Tower, a Chicago branch of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.

Like FDR he is able to write his own speeches, and unlike FDR he actually does so. Stevenson's personal staff includes no opposite number, so far, to Roosevelt's Judge Samuel Rosenman or Robert E. Sherwood. His words have a spontaneity and freshness in happy contrast to the slick chromium finish of a professional job.

This is a political asset which may well grow stronger as the campaign proceeds. To reporters on a campaign train the ghost-written product becomes first a bore and then a joke. I remember sitting in the dining car of Thomas Dewey's "Victory Train" in 1948 with six other reporters, chanting in unison with Dewey the "extemporaneous" whistle-top speech which he was delivering on the rear platform, and which we were hearing on the train's public address system. We not only knew the words, we knew the tune—Dewey's modulation, taught him by the best elocutionists money could buy, never varied by so much as a half tone.

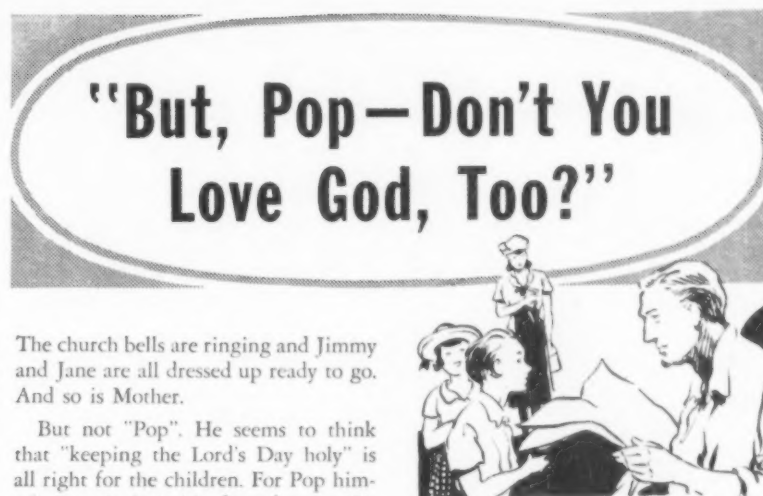
After that sort of thing, Stevenson's original style is indescribably refreshing. Except for Winston Churchill, Stevenson produces more good, fresh-minted phrases and fewer clichés than any other politician in the English-speaking world.

His matter is as fresh and unusual as his manner. Here's a politician who believes in the heresy of facing unpleasant facts.

"Where we have erred, let there be no denial," he said in his address of welcome. "Where we have wronged the public trust, let there be no excuses. Self-criticism is the secret weapon of democracy."

Five days later, with President Harry Truman sitting on the platform right behind him, Stevenson was even more blunt: "If the fear is corruption in official position, do you believe with Charles Evans Hughes that guilt is personal and knows no party? Do you doubt the power of any political leader, if he has the will to do so, to set his own house in order without his neighbors burning it down?"

Stevenson had already shown, in Illinois, his own ability and will to set a political house in order. He was first elected in 1948 because, among other things, grave scandals had been exposed in the regime of his Republican predecessor, Dwight Green. Stevenson had cleaned them up. But he had also dealt with two scandals during his own administration as Governor. In one, state meat inspectors took bribes to pass horse meat as hamburger steak; in



The church bells are ringing and Jimmy and Jane are all dressed up ready to go. And so is Mother.

But not "Pop". He seems to think that "keeping the Lord's Day holy" is all right for the children. For Pop himself, though, it is his day of rest... "it even says so in the Bible." Besides, he will insist, he "is better than some people who go to church regularly."

Not all "Pops" are like this, of course. But empty pews in countless churches bear witness to the numerous fathers... and mothers also... who are either indifferent concerning their obligation to worship God, or confused as to how they should do so.

There is confusion, in fact, even among those who recognize this obligation. Some Christians insist that the Sabbath (Saturday) is the day to be kept holy, as do Orthodox Jews. In this they are following the literal meaning of the Law of Moses and ignoring the practice of the Christian Church from Apostolic times, as sanctioned by Jesus Christ.

Our Lord Himself substituted the New Covenant for the Old, abrogating the law which made the Sabbath observance obligatory. Sunday became The Lord's Day of the Christians even during the lifetime of the Apostles. After several centuries, it became a worldwide law of the Church, which Christ had authorized to make laws.

There is also confusion as to what constitutes "keeping The Lord's Day holy." Catholics, for instance, must assist at Mass, or The Lord's Supper, under penalty of serious sin. Many other

Christians also place great importance on unflinching participation in Sunday worship. But many think going to church, while a "nice thing to do," is not absolutely necessary. Christian opinion also varies concerning what work, and what pleasure, are permissible on The Lord's Day.

Even though you are not a Catholic... and perhaps never intend to be... it will be inspiring and valuable for you to learn the Catholic teaching and practice concerning The Lord's Day. For these teachings and practice date back to Apostolic times and have their origin in the teaching and example of The Master Himself. They give a clear and understandable guide to those who wish to manifest their love of the Lord on His Day.

Don't wait for your child to ask: "But, don't you love God, too?" Write today for free pamphlet explaining the Scriptural and historical authority for observing The Lord's Day as Catholics have been doing for nearly 2,000 years... pointing out what we must do—what we cannot do—if we wish rightly to honor God. For free copy, write today. Ask for Pamphlet No. MM-36.

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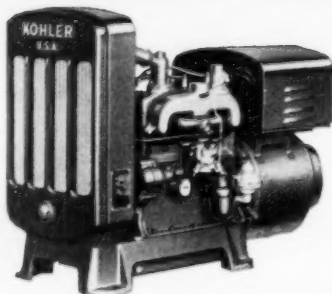
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another, a gang was counterfeiting stamps for the state tax on cigarettes, with connivance within the tax department. In both cases Stevenson conducted the investigations personally and took full responsibility for locating and removing the guilty parties.

If any Democrat could persuade electors to forget about mink coats and deep freezes, it seemed to be Stevenson. Moreover, his record in Illinois was reassuring both to the northern liberals and the southern conservatives.

Northern New Dealers noted various official acts that marked him as a liberal at heart. He had, for example, vetoed a witch-hunting bill sponsored by state Senator Paul Broyles at the very height of the anti-Communist hysteria:

"While I respect the motives and patriotism of the proponents of this bill, I think there is in it more of danger to the liberties we seek to protect than of security for the Republic. It reverses our traditional concept of justice by placing upon the accused the burden of proving himself innocent. It makes felons of persons who may be guilty more of bad judgment than of anything else. It jeopardizes the freedom of sincere and honest citizens in an attempt to catch and punish subversives . . .

"I know that to veto this bill in this period of grave anxiety will be unpopular with many. But I must, in good conscience, protest against any unnecessary suppression of our ancient rights as free men."

Negroes and minority groups were disappointed by the Democratic platform's somewhat evasive paragraph on civil rights, and more so by Stevenson's own belief that state governments should handle this problem whenever possible. Indeed, some Negro leaders have openly denounced Stevenson and the Democrats on this account.

Others have been comforted by his personal record on the issue. Three times he has attempted to have a civil rights law enacted in Illinois, and each time it has been turned down by the Republican majority in the legislature. When race riots broke out in Cicero, Ill., and the local police refused to intervene, Stevenson instantly sent in the National Guard to restore order.

Deep Southerners, on the other hand, are reassured by Stevenson's outspoken and proven belief in the rights and responsibilities of local government. He is a States Rights man by instinct, a foe of needless centralization. On one occasion he vetoed a bill which he approved in its principle and purpose, but which seemed to him an intrusion upon municipal authority:

"I do not question the desirability, indeed the necessity, for the regulation here proposed, (but) I emphatically disapprove the abdication of local responsibility for local problems. And I do not wish to be a party to what seems to me a wholly unnecessary extension of state services which can and should be performed locally."

To an unreconstructed son of the Confederacy, ever suspicious of Washington and its bureaucratic octopus, these words are music.

Probably more important to both sides, though, than any formal statement of principle is Stevenson's aptitude for compromise and common sense. Apparently he has some of Eisenhower's own talent for getting on with people, and for helping people to get on with each other. During his whole four years as Governor of Illinois, both houses of the state legislature have had Republican majorities. Nevertheless Stevenson has managed to get most of his program enacted, and held no grudges for his occasional defeats.

He has an equally good chance of getting on with the disparate factions



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within his own party. It is a symbolic coincidence that two of his chief rivals for the nomination, Russell and Barkley, are Stevenson's third cousins.

Finally, he is a formidable opponent for any Republican because he is himself a bit of a conservative. He has those qualities of conservatism that most people, even radicals, tend to admire.

One of Stevenson's best-known personal quirks is intense annoyance with anyone who leaves a light burning in an empty room. In his four years as Governor he has acquired only one new suit: his official car is a fourteen-year-old Cadillac. He isn't mean but he hates waste and he hates extravagance.

As Governor of Illinois Stevenson has presented two state budgets for the biennial legislature's approval. The one he submitted in 1951 was smaller than the one he submitted in 1949. This despite the fact that he had increased state aid to schools by \$139,000,000, started a ten-year road building program which will cost \$100,000,000 all told, raised salaries in the Illinois civil service ten percent, and vastly improved the state's mental hospitals.

But Stevenson is conservative not only in his liking for economy but in his preference for letting things alone. Of all his qualifications for the Democratic nomination, this is perhaps the most important.

The New Conservatives

Democrats realize, if Republicans do not, that a large fraction of their support comes from what might be called "the new conservatives." Labor union members and officials who have high wage rates, short work week, union recognition and what not; farmers who benefit by the most elaborate and expensive price-support system ever devised; small businessmen who depend, and who know they depend, on the continued prosperity of these relatively low-income groups—these are the people the Democrats had in mind when they composed their campaign song: Don't Let Them Take It Away.

Halfway through the Republican convention I happened to drive out to the convention hall as the only passenger in a press bus. The driver asked me how I thought it was going. I said the Taft-Eisenhower fight must be very encouraging to the Democrats.

"I hope the Democrats win," the driver said. "I just started a little business of my own—I only do this bus driving at night. I want things to stay the way they are. I don't want no change."

I said the Republicans were supposed to be the businessman's party.

"Huh!" the driver said. "I remember the depression. I wasn't very old, but I remember my old man working maybe two days a week, sometimes not at all. I remember having to wear my brother's shoes to school, two sizes too big. None of that for me."

As the campaign goes on this man may come to realize that the Republican candidate this year is Dwight Eisenhower, not Herbert Hoover or Calvin Coolidge. He may realize that nobody really intends to undo the work of the last twenty years; that when Eisenhower unthinkingly predicted a reduction of forty billion dollars (nearly fifty percent) in the national budget, he didn't mean to take it all out of farm price supports and social security.

Just the same, that bus driver's doubts are the Republicans' biggest handicap. Unless they can change his mind, unless they can persuade him that they are true conservatives and not the radical reactionaries he thinks they are, Stevenson will win in November. ★



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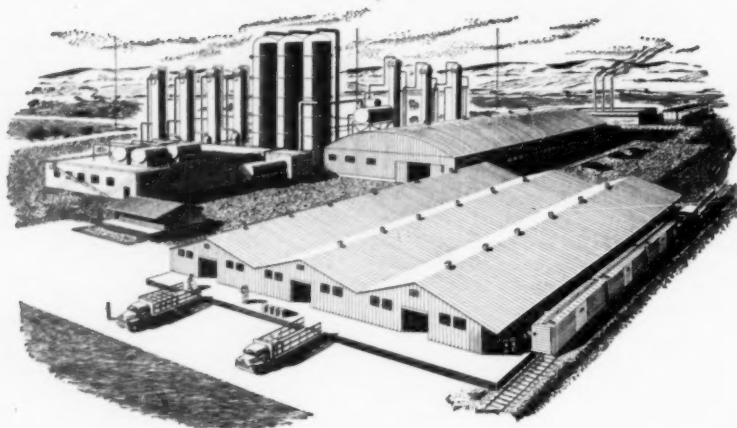
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A GROUP of office women from Hamilton, Ont., who chartered a bus for a one-day excursion to Buffalo, N.Y., won't soon forget their border crossing. When the Canadian customs officer popped his head in the door to ask what they meant to do in Buffalo one bright young girl, with a cavalier disregard of the forty-eight-hour stay required to bring back U. S. purchases, answered breezily, "Oh, just a little shopping."

When a motorist pulled up for a traffic light at the corner of Bloor and Bay Streets in Toronto, bystanders were puzzled at the small



English car hooked lightly onto his back bumper without rope or chain. When they called his attention to it the motorist was even more puzzled. He had no idea where or when he'd picked up his "trailer."

When a handsome stranger came to visit in Stratford recently the high-school girls were in a flutter to find out all about him. Our heroine saw her chance when he happened to get on the same bus with her and spread his brief case with its gold-lettered name across his knees. Rising casually she edged breathlessly past him to read: "Genuine Cowhide."

In a Vancouver printer's shop a grandmotherly woman ordered some business cards. She gave her name and telephone number, hesitated, then gave her business as "saw filing."

"Saw filing!" repeated the astonished clerk.

"Well," she explained, "I can't put down what I really do—I'm a bookie."

Ottawa officials couldn't understand why a visiting foreigner thought government employees wore departmental uniforms—until they learned that he'd noticed a girl on her way home from a Civil Service Recreation Association softball game. Across her sweater from shoulder to waist was stretched a band reading, External Affairs.

A young woman in Vancouver found the bargain remnant of real silk she was cutting a slip from rather skimpy. Thriftily cutting and piecing, she managed to get enough for the slip but in the complicated sewing overlooked the scrap bearing the stamped trademark. She found it—right across the front of the garment—"Inspected by the Government of Japan."

To a gourmet a hamburger is a pretty lowly affair but to a waitress in Medicine Hat, Alta., it's no simple dish. A customer asked her for four to take out—three with fried onions and one raw. When he got home he had precisely—three hamburgers with fried onions and one raw hamburger.

The vast assortment of wares sold by the small-town general store has often amazed a city visitor. In Rivers, Man., two women tourists were exclaiming over the variety—railwaymen's supplies, baby clothes, farmers' gear—when they came to some salt licks for cattle. "Imagine," the storekeeper overheard one exclaim, "they even sell tombstones!"

The wife of a service-station operator in Victoria had to get up in the middle of the night to look after the new baby. Not wanting to disturb her husband, she took a flashlight. Lighting her way back to bed she




stopped short when her sleeping husband suddenly cried out: "Say, bud, do you know you've only got one light?"

A businesswoman in Glenboro, Man., who considered the sidewalk in front of her premises marred by newly painted yellow parking lines decided to do something about it. She removed them with turpentine. It took a special job by the town to reprint them.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1952



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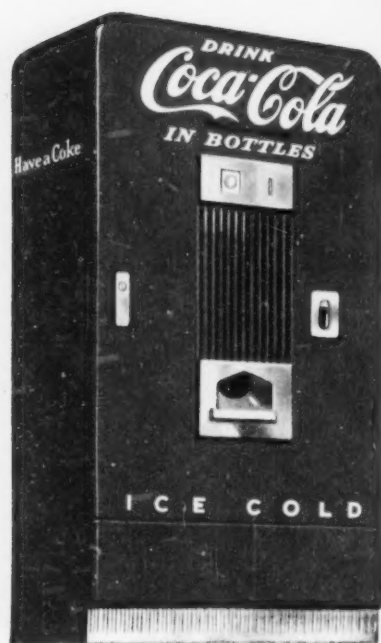
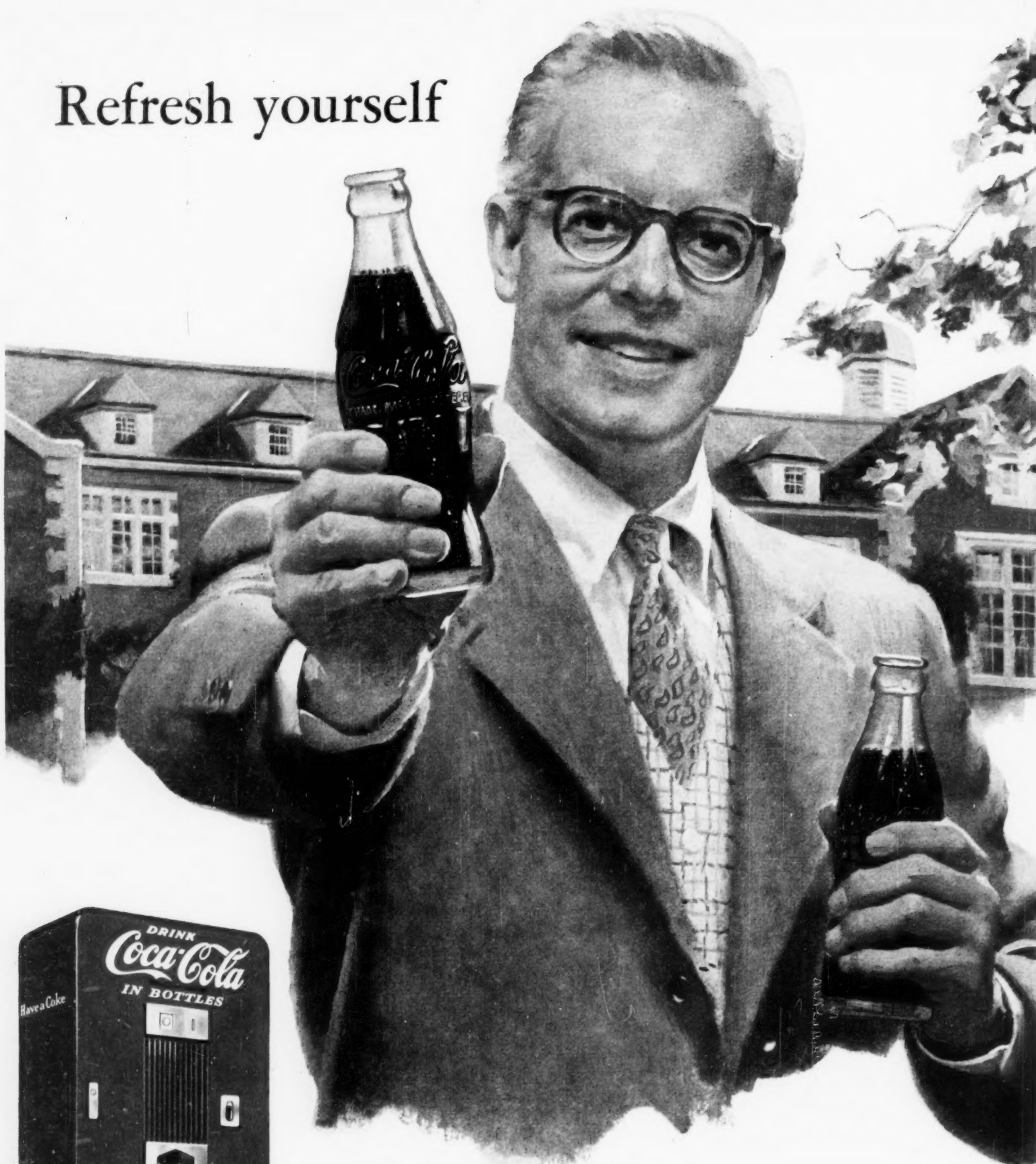
Shown here is Canada's smartest "hard-top"—the Studebaker Starliner—available as a Champion 6 or as a Commander V-8.

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